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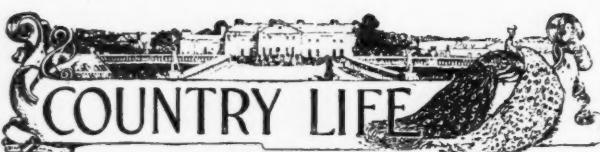
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LALLIE CHARLES.

LADY BEATRIX STANLEY.

Titchfield Road, N.W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XIII. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

ABOLISHING THE . . . MIDDLEMAN.

A SCHEME which has just been propounded by the Great Western Railway ought to prove of the greatest benefit to all who are engaged in husbandry in the neighbourhood of that line. It is, to convey farm and dairy produce at cheap rates and from any distance direct to the consumer. Some years ago, the Great Eastern Railway brought a similar scheme into operation, and it has proved to be a pronounced success. They, on the one hand, were able to write out a long list of producers, and, on the other hand, they were able to give an equally good list of consumers. The line is one much patronised by season-ticket holders, and it can be assumed, without much fear of mistake, that the average season-ticket holder is a buyer of agricultural produce. By exchanging these lists between sellers and purchasers a large and growing business has been established, and there is no reason whatever why the same thing should not happen on the Great Western line. In fact, it already brings in the shape of milk a huge supply of dairy produce up to London. Those who are engaged in the cultivation of the land have not yet fully realised the immense advantages they possess over any foreigner. At their

elbow, so to speak, they have in our great towns markets of unrivalled magnitude, and the only thing needed to bring them into touch one with another is the co-operation of the railway companies. English people rightly prefer English produce to any other, and particularly is this the case with fruit, vegetables, and eggs. The two former are in ideal condition only when taken direct from the garden to the kitchen, and great as our resources are in the way of chilling and freezing, vegetables and fruit which come from a distance cannot possibly be as fresh as those we obtain in English orchards. In regard to eggs, the word fresh has a relative meaning. Eggs which were laid in Normandy, and must have been kept for some time by the peasant proprietor before being collected for export, though they may be described as "new laid" in the grocers' windows, must, in fact, be considerably removed from that stage. There is, however, nothing to hinder the peasant or the farmer of, say, Berkshire or Oxfordshire from delivering in London in the evening eggs which had actually been laid in the morning, and all garden produce might be cut or gathered within a few hours of being delivered.

Much will, of course, depend upon the practical good sense with which the regulations are drawn up. Even the question of boxes, trivial as it may seem, is one of great importance, as on a farm the custom is to take any kind of box, whether it be strong or fragile, and fill and send it off. The Great Eastern got out of this difficulty by manufacturing boxes specially suited to the traffic, which they sold for a sum so small that if they were not returned the loss was practically imperceptible. Something of that kind must be done by the Great Western also. As a rule, buyers will not take the trouble to return empty boxes, and so these should be manufactured quite cheaply, so that they may be turned into firewood at the option of the purchaser. The Great Western ought to supply several things which are not so plentiful in East Anglia, and of these one of the most important is cream. In a daily supply sent to a London household cream would be sure to occupy an important part, because it is one of the articles for which the western part of England has a great name, which brings it into demand in London. In fact, there are many families already who, without any special facilities, have been in the habit of obtaining their supplies from Devonshire or some other corner of the West. Another article that seems always coming into greater demand is cut flowers for the table. A generation ago it would have seemed ridiculous for the tenant or owner of land to devote himself to the cultivation of flowers for table decoration for a general market, though, of course, there were always rich families who used them freely. But now that the habit has been extended to the middle classes, the demand has become correspondingly enlarged. Fresh meat, game, poultry, and rabbits are all likely to be called for, and the only question that remains is that of price.

The Great Western Railway Company has one formidable rival in the Parcels Post, which, in regard to organisation, gave a much-needed lesson to the dilatory railway companies. The rates have been arranged to come out slightly below those charged by the Post Office. If we have any criticism to make upon the arrangements it would apply to the differentiation between the distances. For small parcels we notice that the charge is a uniform one of 6d. for 7lb., but if we get up to 14lb. it ranges from 6d. to 11d., and a parcel of 24lb. ranges from 6d. to 1s. 3d. according to mileage. Before the time of Sir Rowland Hill that was the principle governing Post Office charges, and his critics said that the uniform 1d. charge would end in disaster. Experience has disproved their assertion, and the same principle that is applied to the carriage of letters has been successfully applied to the Parcels Post. Within the Empire parcels are carried by the Post Office at a uniform charge regardless of distance. There is nothing whatever to hinder the Great Western Railway Company from doing the same thing. As a matter of fact, London draws its supplies of vegetable produce mostly from what might be called a thirty-mile radius, and the object of those who have the interests of English agriculture at heart is to help those who live further afield. If we can make market gardening as profitable in the neighbourhood of Bath and Cheltenham as it is in Middlesex or Surrey, then much benefit will be derived, since everyone who goes into it is thereby raised above the hardships incidental to the importation of cheap foreign and colonial grain. In any case, there is reason for heartfelt satisfaction at the opening of this avenue of escape from the middleman, whose extortion has been no small factor in prolonging the depression of agriculture.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Beatrix Stanley, who married Captain the Hon. George Stanley, younger son of the Earl and Countess of Derby, on Thursday last. The bride is the daughter of the Dowager Marchioness of Headfort.



AT the end of November some of the bare majesty of winter is being revealed in the country. The trees are stripped, and stand up gaunt and black against the sky, while beneath them leaves whirl in myriads before the first winds of winter. Someone has said that in England, if you know it well, there is summer all the year round, that is to say, each month has a beauty of its own, and the beauty of one is as exquisite as that of another. Perhaps this is more true of November than of her companion months. The days are short, and she is called dull; but in the clouds themselves, in the outlines of woodlands, that are, so to speak, stripped to the bare bones, in the hedgerows bereft of every ornament except the red ripe fruits that endure through the winter, there is a peculiar charm that is not excelled by that of any other period of the year; and even in this damp, unhappy year all this comes out to the eyes of those who really love the country.

M. Delcassé, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, has before now proved himself an able and wise statesman, and the remarks he made during the course of the Budget debate in the Chamber of Deputies are well entitled to a hearing. He seems highly satisfied with the Arbitration Agreement signed on October 14th. It inspires him to prophesy that a time is coming when the war-drum will beat no longer, and the disputes of nations will be settled by the methods of peace. We agree with him as far as *bona-fide* disputes are concerned; but if two nations nourish an animosity one against the other, based, as probably such feelings will be based in future, on commercial interests, we may take it that the final dispute between them will not necessarily be the real dispute. If two people or two nations are set on a quarrel, the chances are that it will break out on a merely nominal issue; at least, that is what the history of the past tells us, and to submit such an issue to arbitration would be a mere farce, since nothing whatever would depend upon the decision. That is the weakness of the case set forth by M. Delcassé. We do not think it applies to France and England at the present moment; but it is very easy to foresee that it may apply to England and some other nationality in the future.

Our readers will learn with regret that Sir John Blundell Maple died at his house at Chilwickbury, near St. Albans, on Tuesday morning. The melancholy news was not entirely unexpected, as he for some time past had been suffering from Bright's disease, but the place vacated by Sir Blundell Maple will not be easily filled. He was a great business man, who vastly extended the establishment that he inherited from his father. He was a great sportsman and possessor of the largest racing stud in England, and last year he won no fewer than sixty-seven races, of the total value of £17,912. To our readers Sir Blundell Maple presented many other interesting sides. He possessed a very fine stud of Shire horses, and in Southgate Charm owned one of the best mares of this breed. He also had a first-class herd of shorthorns, and made many a successful appearance in the show-yard with his cattle. Only about two or three years ago he instituted a sale of fat stock at St. Albans, in which he was very much interested, and which was growing into a pronounced success. We do not exaggerate therefore in saying that it will be difficult to find anyone capable of stepping into his shoes.

By the death of Prince Soltykoff the sporting world loses one of its central and most charming figures. This eminent Russian, who commenced his career on the English Turf as long ago as 1858, and was the first foreigner to take a prominent position there, has for more than half a century occupied a leading position at most of our race-meetings. He cannot be said to have been extraordinarily successful with his horses, as he died with his ambition of winning the blue ribbon of the Turf unfulfilled. Neither was he a great sportsman in the usual acceptation of the term, as he had no great liking for the ordinary outdoor pastimes,

such as shooting and fishing, and scarcely ever went out riding; but he was passionately fond of race-horses, and to this he gave nearly all his energy. During recent years he was concerned in the management of two or three London theatres. He bore a very honourable name in sporting circles, and though somewhat reserved to newcomers, those who were his intimates knew well the exceeding charm of his conversation. Indifferent to politics, he maintained his friendship with English sportsmen through all the vicissitudes of feeling that have occurred in the relations of this country with Russia. He will lie in an English grave, and in some respects may be described as having been more English than the English themselves.

The case of the sanitary inspector decided at Westminster on Monday is one of the highest interest to the public. The facts were scarcely disputed. It appears that the man went to a restaurant-keeper and complained that some of the meat in his possession was unfit for human food. He then threatened the prosecutor that if he did not pay him £20 he would bring him into court, where a fine of £700 awaited him, if not imprisonment. The eating-house-keeper put him off for the time, and had a detective concealed for the next interview, when the threats were repeated. The jury found the prisoner guilty, but insisted on recommending him to mercy, though Mr. Justice Darling, in pronouncing sentence, said that this plea must have been based on the prisoner's domestic troubles, and sentenced him to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour. Most people will agree that the punishment did not at all err on the side of severity. Rightly or wrongly, the law has put an immense power into the hands of these officials, and there is no obstacle to their abusing it except their honour and honesty. It has frequently been complained that it is impossible to do business in London at the present moment without resorting to bribery, and if Government officials are to be bribed the case is very much worse.

In the course of a police-court case the other day some curious facts were disclosed in regard to shooting near London. For the sporting rights over 550 acres a builder and contractor paid £150, and it seems he was in the habit of making up a shooting party with the help of another builder and a licensed victualler. His complaint against the man from whom he took the place was that there was a paucity of game, and that such as had been shot had been caught before. The pheasants were carefully concealed in holes overnight and liberated on the approach of the gallant sportsmen. The rabbits were snared and set free at the psychological moment. Last year forty bagged pheasants were killed. These are the facts of the case. Imagination is eager to fill in the details, but the reader will perhaps be best left to do that for himself.

VIOLETS FROM SHELLEY'S GRAVE.

Oh! cloistered sweetness, bending shy
Your dusky petals to the dew,
Love counts a dearer thing than you
These flowers, whose leaves are pale and dry.
The spirit that to his dreaming gave
Its shadow of Divine regrets
Still lingers in the violets
That lay upon his Roman grave.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

It was a curious point of law which was brought out in the case of the American suicide who attempted to bequeath his body for scientific purposes. If there is anything which inalienably belongs to a man's self it should seem to be his own body. Yet the law refuses to recognise his right of possession in it. If he injures his body, he is put in a madhouse; if he destroys it, he is accounted a felon; and at death he has no testamentary authority over it. It does not belong to his descendants; nor can it even be legally stolen, because it is not anyone's property. This is, of course, absurd; and, although a great body of sentimental public opinion may be averse to making human bodies marketable commodities, even for purposes of science, it is manifest that the law should recognise in a man's heirs the legal right of property in his body, subject, of course, to the right of the State to investigate the cause and fact of death.

The ever-increasing difficulties in large cities at the present moment of providing cheap and comfortable lodgings for the labouring men who flock in from country districts in search of work, are being grappled with, if not surmounted. Last week the London County Council opened a new building at Deptford, modelled on the Rowton Houses. Carrington House, as it is called, overlooks the busiest part of Deptford Broadway, and is large enough to contain 860 occupants. It is furnished plainly and comfortably throughout, and there is even a barber's shop at the disposal of the lodgers. For sixpence a night a man can secure a cubicle bedroom for himself,

and an excellent tariff, with nothing over fourpence, is provided; or he can be supplied with kitchen appliances, with which to cook his own rations. These modest fees cover all expenses, for, like its predecessor, the Parker Street House, Carrington House is to be self-supporting. The superintendent, Mr. Gerard, has already had experience in controlling Rowton Houses, and under his capable management the new House is sure to be a success.

Another single-innings victory by Mr. Warner's team seems to establish the fact that the English cricketers on this occasion are at least the equals of any that have hitherto gone to Australia. It is not only that they have won two out of three matches, but they have outplayed their opponents at every point in the game. The only time that they showed a little slackness was at the end of the match against Sydney. It often happens that a team winning by a large margin grows somewhat careless in its fielding during the last few overs, when everybody is watching the bowlers and hoping for the fall of the last wicket. On this occasion they were unusually slack, but it is to be hoped that the fault will not be repeated. Alike in batting, bowling, and fielding, our countrymen have proved themselves more than equal to the rivals they have hitherto met, and may therefore look forward to the test matches with every hope of coming out without discredit and perhaps in triumph.

Although the latest experiment with the Lebaudy air-ship ended in what was very near disaster—actually disastrous for the immediate further sailing of the ship, and all but disastrous for the lives of passengers—still the vessel must have shown considerable power of working in the teeth of a strong breeze. Evidently the most dangerous moment of an aerial voyage is neither the ascent nor the sail, but the disembarkation. It was at this crisis that the Lebaudy ship came into trouble. The point that we really want our aerial navigators, with the dirigible balloons, to prove to us is not their possibility—we take that as demonstrated—but their practical utility. We seem to be as far from any proof of this as ever. Before the air-ship was in some sort an accomplished fact, we used to be told that it was going to be of incalculable use in war, dropping explosive bombs from aloft into the enemies' camp, citadel, and shipping; but air-ships of one make or another now go to and fro through the air, yet conditions of warfare remain wholly unaffected by them, and probably there is far less risk to life in going into a modern battle than up in a modern air-ship.

The use of so much machinery in farming operations is rapidly doing away with all that is picturesque in country life, and one cannot help to some extent regretting the fact. One feature of the rural landscape, however, still remains to us, and that is the milkmaid; but even her days would seem to be numbered, for in a contemporary we read of an electrical device for milking cows now in use in Jersey. The arrangement consists of rubber suckers which fit upon the teats of the cow. These are attached to a tube, which communicates with a vacuum pump, worked by an electric current in such a way as to produce alternating compression and expansion in the rubber suckers. It is claimed that the result is as satisfactory as that produced by the dairymaid's fingers, but we are afraid, considering how each cow's temper has to be taken into account, that to milk them dry it would be necessary for a human milker to follow the mechanical one. Even in that case, however, a great saving of labour would be effected.

Some interesting returns have been published by the Department of Agriculture for Ireland on the subject of the annual migrations of the Irish harvest labourers to this side of St. George's Channel. This yearly influx into England and Scotland, which has been going on in much the same way for at least a couple of centuries, is now not nearly so great as it was in the days of over-population in Ireland before the famine, but this year there were still nearly 18,000 Irishmen who adopted the old means of lining their pockets against the winter. More than three-quarters of these agricultural birds of passage came from the province of Connaught, the rest being Ulstermen, and more than half of them were from County Mayo. Something like a fifth of the whole number betook themselves this year for the harvest to Scotland, while a small percentage, less than a tenth, found employment without leaving Ireland, in the prosperous agricultural districts of Leinster. It is stated that the number of these harvesters is on the decrease in proportion to the population, not merely when compared with earlier totals.

It is many years since the accounts of the Tweed angling have been as satisfactory as during the November of this season. Salmon have been very numerous, they have risen well, and the average weight has been probably higher than ever known before for fish caught with the hook in that river—on the whole, so far as is to be gathered, over 25lb. There is little reasonable doubt that this pleasant result is the effect of the continual large body

of fresh water that has been flowing down the river during the past rainy season, encouraging the fish to their fresh-water migration.

On Tuesday an alarming incident occurred in the Bank of England. A madman found his way to the Secretary's room, and discharged a revolver several times at that official, but happily without effect. He was secured after an exciting struggle. It is curious that a man so amiable and accomplished as Mr. Kenneth Grahame should have been the object of this attack. He has fallen out of public notice of late chiefly because it was his own desire; but a few years ago there was not a better-known writer for and of children. His "Pagan Papers" and his "Golden Age" charmed every reader by their fine combination of rich fancy and pure style, and his essays and verse are treasured by those who value what is cultured and out of the way. No better illustration could be found of the advantage of reading the old English classics instead of the slip-slop of the present day. Mr. Grahame has been a life-long student and admirer of Malory, and it is upon the "Morte d'Arthur" that his style is formed. That a life so valuable as his should have been in danger from the weapon of a maniac is one of fate's strange ironies.

LOST YOUTH.

If we were young again!
If we could only see
In woods, and lonely hills,
A haunting mystery;
A joy in daffodils,
A promise in the rain,
And wonder in the sea.
(If we were young again!)
How fresh those mornings were!
Wide skies of laughing blue,
With there a speck of brown!
A lark entrancing you!
He speeds to Heav'n—then down
Through yet vibrating air,
To meadows drenched in dew.
(How fresh those mornings were!)
Would we were young again!
If youth returned with spring!
With crocus gold, and thrush's song.
When wind-blown catkins swing.
With evenings light—and long;
With April's sunny rain,
And flash of chaffinch wing.
(Oh God! for Youth again!)

ROSAMOND NAPIER.

The Bohemian waxwing is rather a rare visitor to Ireland, but of late several specimens have been seen or shot in various parts of the Green Isle. The Bohemian chitterer (*Ampelis garrula*) is a gregarious bird, and found in large flocks in Norway and Northern Europe. The peculiarity of the bird—which in general appearance resembles the jay—is that in the adult bird four of the secondary quills and several of the tertials are terminated by flat palettes, resembling red sealing-wax, attached to the extremity of the shaft of each feather, and from this circumstance it has received its name of waxwing. Why or how these birds are decorated in this peculiar manner it is hard to say, but so exactly do the red ornaments of the wings resemble sealing-wax, that it is difficult to persuade an unaccustomed observer that they are the gifts of Nature, and not rather purposely attached to the bird by someone desirous of imposing on his credulity. The glossy ibis is another bird which has of late been occasionally found in Ireland.

For a couple of centuries the great expanse of Hudson's Bay has been given over almost entirely to the rare though regular visits of the fur-traders, and our knowledge of the geography and possible resources of its coasts and islands has remained almost stationary. In the last year or two, however, with the lesson of Klondyke before its eyes, the Canadian Government has been showing fresh activity in the exploration of its outlying northern areas. Under the command of a former companion of Lieutenant Peary's, the *Neptune*, formerly a vessel in the Newfoundland sealing fleet, is wintering this season in the Bay, as part of an eighteen months' investigation of that part of the Dominion's coast-line. One very important question which it is desired to solve is whether the passage of Hudson's Strait is safe for large vessels, or whether, as has been asserted, it is too much choked with ice drifting south. The importance of the point lies at present in the fact that if the passage is practicable, there is nothing to prevent the direct shipping of corn to Europe from the North-West Territories.

IRISH STILES.

IRISH stiles are like no other stiles in the world. They possess peculiar national idiosyncrasies. They are built—though such an expression is apt to convey in the majority of cases a far too elaborate impression of their construction—with the best intentions. No doubt they are made for use, and for a short, dwindling, time the natives go over or through them. Soon, however, human, or, at any rate, Irish, nature asserts itself, and the pedestrian reverts to his former mode of ingress and egress. The stile by the side of the gate, elaborately made of steps up and steps down on the other side, is invitingly proper in its suggestiveness, but the resident soon tires of using it, quickly reverting to his old process of either climbing the gate or passing through it. So difficult is it in Ireland, as elsewhere, to get rid of old habits! The gate, too, is often regularly kept unlocked, so why should he take the extra exercise incurred in climbing up and down the stile when he can effect his purpose by remaining on the level? Frequently the stile is built by the side of what should have been a gate, but where no gate has ever been erected. The gap in the wall, where the gate should have been, is filled up by some thorn bushes lightly laid on the soil. The wayside man gingerly removes a piece of this and steps through, replacing the thorn



J. Harris Stone.

AT CORCOMROE.

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bush. On passing, he may look approvingly at the fine stile by the side, but puts his approbation to no practical test. Why should he?

Perhaps the most typically Irish stiles are to be found in the Burren barony of County Clare, at and near New Quay, the rising seaside resort in Galway Bay. The predominant feature of this spot is—stones. Stones, stones, stones. Everywhere, of all sizes. Not promiscuously chucked together, but with a certain, even if not easily determined, method in the madness of their deposition. A regular Balbus country. Stones, as a rule, don't strike you unless thrown. Here they strike you without being thrown. They are obtrusively present, and, no matter where you turn, where you look, like the poor, are with you always. You can't help being struck with them. Often when climbing the walls—of which, in a short walk, you will have to climb dozens—you will be lucky not to damage your shins and knees, and frequently you will bring down an avalanche of stones upon



J. Harris Stone. AT THE FAIRY RING. Copyright

you in descending one of the stony barriers, for all the walls are composed of stones in the loose or natural state as they are picked off the ground.

There are three current theories to account for the extraordinarily stony nature of the Burren district of County Clare, and that is surely not too many to explain a remarkable, even startling phenomenon. One of them is that the Ark got into troubled waters at this spot, and Noah had to throw out ballast in order to lighten the craft and sheer off to more favourable dumping ground. Needless to say, this theory presupposes the fact that his ballast was composed of carboniferous limestones. The theory, too, speaks volumes for the County Clare idea of the size of the Ark, and should lend an additional interest to the ancient story for Biblical Sunday-school teachers and scholars.

Another of the local theories is more profane, and, if true, was probably coincident with the expenditure of a heap of bad language as well as stones. The Devil once upon a time attempted to land in Ireland, and selected County Clare, at that part now known as Burren, for effecting his sinister purpose. He may have thought the inhabitants kindly predisposed towards him, and would meet him halfway. They did meet him, but not quite in the manner he had anticipated. They stoned him with stones of all sizes, from the pebble thrown by the youngster to the giant rock which could only have been hurled by the Goliath of those times; and such a vast quantity were used, that they remain to this day in silent witness of the truth of the story. History sayeth not, but we may fairly presume that the Devil did not remain after such an awful quantity of stones had been thrown at him, but limped off to a more favourable reception-place.

Then lastly, and least accurate, according to all one hears in the cabins on the spot—and they ought to know—is the scientific theory. But to attempt to understand this explanation of the learned, it is first just as well to describe what one sees at Burren with the naked eye on the surface of the land. As the late learned classic, Professor Shillito, wrote in his "Little Go" examination at Cambridge when asked some question in mathematics of which he knew nothing, "It is well before discussing this question to have a clear understanding concerning the action of the common pump," of which he had crammed up something, similarly, the scientific theory for the curious appearance of the stones of Burren cannot be grasped—if it ever can—without a



J. Harris Stone.

NEAR COUNTY CLARE.

Copyright



J. Harris Stone.

WAITING AT THE STILE.

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clear explanation of the lie of the stones, of which we do know something. Imagine that some colossal giant of old, of the largest size imaginable, had made molten an unimaginable quantity of carboniferous limestone in a gigantic cauldron, and dropped the stuff in big splashes like thick toffee or glass over the surface of this part of County Clare, and then, before it had time to cool, poured cold water on the top of the thick semi-fluid substance. The result would be a cake cracked up into pieces of all conceivable sizes. Such is exactly the appearance of the stony land of New Quay. The fissures between the pieces vary from fractions of an inch to a foot or two. In walking across these curious plateaux you have to jump from one block to another. How far these fissures run downwards I know not. Maybe the square blocks, like large pieces of cut-up cane sugar, are the tops of pillars, placed close together, of great length. In between the cracks grow ferns—the polypody, the maidenhair, and others—for they find in the recesses the perfection of fern requirements as to shade and moisture. The scientists incline to the theory that these cracks are perpendicular, and of great depth, and are due to a softer material or earth having been placed between the harder limestone, and then in the course of time washed out. But the unscientific ask how did this softer material get there at all, and so evenly interlarded with the harder, and why and how was the limestone formed in these singular-looking blocks? The theory, it seems to me—like many other geological ones, such as the explanation of the existence of three distinct varieties of flints in chalk—will not wash when confronted with all the local facts. How does the theory account in this instance also for the huge local accumulation of the limestones, and for the presence of occasional enormous blocks, or monoliths, resting quite unattached on the surface of these plateaux? Many persons will prefer one of the local traditional theories to account for this curious stone formation of New Quay, as being just as likely to be correct as that of the savants.

Not only does this split-up-plateau formation exist on the low-lying levels by the seashore, but it is found also on the extreme summits of the hills, looking there singularly inappropriate. Walking over it has to be done gingerly. Woe betide you if you carelessly set a foot or leg down one of the crevasses. An ugly wrench, a sprained ankle, or even a broken leg quickly results. It naturally follows from the surface of the land being thus split up that rain percolates immediately and disappears. There are no streams of any kind, except at rare places, and the rain must run into the sea at some depth below sea level.

As might be expected, the country

people are experts in loose stone formation. The cabins are all constructed of unmortared stones with walls 3 ft. thick or more. It is a convenient way of getting rid of some stones. In the centre of a field is often seen a huge pyramid looking like the tumulus of some old Viking or ancient Irish saint. It is not. There is no other way of clearing the land for crops. Walls are built of awesome solidity, 6 ft. or even 10 ft. wide, and at places where they are obviously not needed. Walls, too, in the fields that begin without an object in life against no terminus and end in vacuity, are common. Could calcareous limestone be only boiled down into jam, or exported for any purpose under the sun, what an exhaustless source of wealth is here! Naturally everything that can be constructed of stone is so built. Even the round tables in the farmyards on which the ricks of hay or barley are built are made of large slabs of loose stones cunningly put together, and self-supporting without any mortar or cement being used. Over these stone walls stiles are invitingly frequent, and they display great variety, even cleverness, in their construction. A common form is made of two large pillars of stone built into the wall in an upright position, and placed close together, with a portion cut away from each near the top at a slight angle. Only attenuated persons can possibly get through this species. To attempt a bold frontal attack is, to the average-sized man, obviously impossible. He may certainly succeed by trying it sideways, but even that is to many doubtful. So the average person just climbs over the wall as he has been accustomed to do, and his fathers before him from time immemorial, the loose stones providing abundant toe-rests.

But a short residence at New Quay makes one independent of stiles, and able to strike a bee-line across country, surmounting innumerable walls in a marvellously skilful manner. When harvesting, if a cart is wanted to be taken into or out of a field, they think nothing of rapidly pulling down sufficient wall for entrance or egress, rebuilding it again when the object is accomplished.

New Quay possesses, at Finevara, some of the most delightful woods it is possible to imagine—ash, beech, and birch trees chiefly, with a luxuriant undergrowth of seedling trees, brambles, nut bushes, and ferns of several species. The gnarled, slim, silver pillars of the birch trees, "tall and stately in the valley," and the umbrageous beeches, with moss-covered stones between, present happy vistas of ideal fairyland completeness, where one would not be surprised to find the little people dancing, and dwarf, red-capped men of the mountain disporting themselves in stately revels. And when one emerges from the wood at the top of the hill, it is to find a flat top of cracked-up limestone, in quaint contrast to the foliage below, from which a varied view of mountains and interlacing fiords of the sea is obtained. But where the edges of the wood



J. Harris Stone.

OVER A STONE WALL.

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impinge on the sea the branches are keenly cut by the cruel winds, as if they had been there subjected to the skilful fingers of some precise demon tonsorial artist. The bracken here on the sea side of the protecting wall grows luxuriantly, and a most picturesque stile conducts one into the fairy recesses and delightful shadows of the wood beyond.

Corcomroe Abbey is within walking distance of New Quay, and as it, besides being the finest ruin of its kind in Ireland, contains the monument of an ancient Irish king, it is well worth a visit. It is from this recumbent effigy that we are able to reconstruct the dress and manner of wearing the hair affected by the early kings of Ireland. The monument shows the chin and upper lip close shaved, with a well-trimmed, not long, beard—somewhat of the Vandycy type—descending over the neck. The stile leading into the abbey precincts from the valley is most picturesque, but as the gate by its side is never kept locked, it is easier to use the gate entrance than the stile.

A visit to the stiles of Ireland will lead the traveller to some of the most beautiful spots in that country.

J. HARRIS STONE.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

THOSE of our readers, and in number they are many, who take pleasure in the too infrequent contributions of Miss Fiona Macleod, will be glad to know that beautiful editions have just been published in America of two of her books, *Deirdrē* and *The House of Usna* (Mosher). As many of her most beautiful poems are centred round the subject of this ancient legend, which has taken so large a grasp of her mind, it is almost necessary to study it for the proper understanding of her verse. We need not at present go into any other reasons for doing so. In that exquisite piece of English which we published some weeks ago, under the name of "A Dedication," and which is now printed as a prefatory epistle to Esther Mona at the beginning of *Deirdrē*, Miss Macleod gave in a way that cannot be improved upon the real reasons for taking delight in this ancient lore. To repeat the most essential sentences in her essay, "They are more than tales of beauty, than tales of wonder. They are the dreams of the enchanted spirit of man, achieved in beauty."

What may be called the bones of the legend are simple enough. Concober mac Nessa was King of Ulster and the rest of Ireland at the beginning of the Christian era, and is said to have founded an order of knighthood called "The Red Branch," a brotherhood which seems to have been somewhat similar to that of the Round Table, though, in point of fact, both were probably mythical. According to the legend, this Concober had the ambition to weld the petty principalities of Ireland into one nation, of which he and his sons should be kings. Now the seers and the immortal gods, whose will they profess to reveal, warned him against this because his hands were not clean, since he had accomplished a deed of treachery upon three sons of Usna, one of his companions in war. It is a theme worthy of Greek tragedy, and, as will be seen, the drama arises naturally from the story of Deirdrē. This Helen of the Gaelic epic was the daughter of Felim, the Harper, and at her birth dark visions crossed the minds of the soothsayers. Homer judiciously withheld any description of his heroine, and it is most noteworthy that her beauty is impressed upon the mind of every reader. She is, so to speak, the heart's desire of every man, and yet every man is free to give her the figure and face of his own ideal. Miss Macleod follows a method exactly the opposite, and in this way introduces the typical woman of Gaelic legend:

"Then once more Cathba spoke out of the dream that was upon him :
"Two stars I see shining in a web of dusk ; and, in the shadow of that dusk, a low tower of ivory and white pearls I see, and a strange crimson fruit ; and through all and over all I hear the low, sweet murmur of the strings of a harp, a harp such as the Dedannan folk play upon in the moonshine in lonely places, but sweeter still, sweeter and more wonderful."

"Is this thy second vision one and the same with thy first, O Cathba?" asked the King.

"Even so. For the shining stars are her eyes, and the web of dusk is the flower-fragrant maze of her hair, that low tower of ivory is her fair, white, wonderful neck, and her white teeth are these pearls, and that strange crimson fruit is no other than her smiling mouth—a little smiling mouth with life and death upon it because of its laughter and grave stillness. As for that harp-playing, it is her voice I hear—a voice more soft and sweet and tender than the love-music of Angus Ogue himself."

The soothsayers foretold that Deirdrē should bring to the land a "sea of flowing crimson, a sea of blood. Foaming it rises, and wells, and overflows, and drowns great straths and valleys, and laves the flanks of high hills, and from the summits

of mountains pours down upon the lands of the Gael in a thundering flood, blood-red to the blood-red sea." Whereupon high council was held as to whether it would not be better to slay the child at birth, and here again we seem to come upon a Greek note, since the grounds upon which they refuse to do it are that it is in vain for mortal to oppose the decrees of fate. They may know, but they cannot withstand them. Besides, Concober the king, moved by the description of this unborn woman's beauty, already has framed a design that he will have her reared far from contact with men in a fortress in one of the Royal forests, and in due time will himself lead her to the altar.



J. Harris Stone.

MADE FOR THE HAY.

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It is such a design as kings make and fate laughs at, for good King Concober had not a forest so wide or a fortress so strong as to keep a woman in such seclusion that she could not find someone to fall in love with. Deirdrē, as a matter of fact, at what is apparently a very early age, conceives a great passion for Naois, one of the sons of Usna, and the two, fearing the king, fly together to the land of Alba. They are allowed to enjoy four years of almost untroubled happiness, and then fate, which with its limping foot is ever on the trail of the fortunate, overtakes them. They are lured back to the neighbourhood of King Concober, and there are treacherous attempts to slay them, and battles and murders, till at length the three sons of Usna lie quiet among the slain, and the end of Deirdrē's story is told as follows :

"And so it was. On the morrow Emain Macha fell before a great host, and was thenceforth a place of ruin and wind-eddied dust. The Red Branch became as scattered leaves, and were no more. And Uladh was given over to blood and rapine, and Concober died in a madness of grief, and throughout Erin for many years the tides of death rose and fell.

"But the sons of Usna slept, and the world dreams still of the beauty of Deirdrē."

An alternative title to *The House of Usna* might be Nemesis. Concober is haunted by the memory of Deirdrē, and still madly in love with her, while the angry gods keep reminding him of his crime. The general trend of the drama will be gathered from the following extract :

DUACH.

Hearken, Concober mac Nessa ! That was an evil deed, the slaying of the sons of Usna. They were the noblest of all the Gaels of Eri and Alba.

CONCOBAR (sullenly).

They are dead.

DUACH.

They are more to be feared dead than when their young, sweet, terrible life was upon them. Their voices cry for vengeance, and all men hear. Women whisper.

CONCOBAR.

What do they whisper ?

DUACH.

"Most fair and beautiful were the sons of Usna, slain treacherously by Concober the High-King."

CONCOBAR.

What vengeance is called for by those who cry for an eric ?

DUACH.

It is no eric they cry, but the broken honour of the king.

CONCOBAR.

And what do the young men say ?

DUACH.

They say: 'He has slain the image of our desire.'

CONCOBAR.

And what is the burthen of the song the singers sing?

DUACH.

'The beauty of the world is now as an old song that is sung.'
Silence.

MAINE

(From the shadow of the oak, strikes a note, and, in a low voice, chants slowly—"Deirdre is dead! Deirdre the Beautiful is Dead, is dead!')

CONCOBAR.

Can dreams have a voice?

DUACH.

They alone speak. It is our spoken words that are the idle dreams.

CONCOBAR.

Dreams—dreams! I am sick of dreams! It is love I long for—my lost love! My lost love!"

We do not propose on this occasion to discuss the play itself at any great length, because we have from Miss Macleod herself an essay on "Fatality in Tragic Drama," which we hope to publish soon; but we have said enough to show what a suggestive and stimulating piece of workmanship is *The House of Usnc.*

A FAMOUS KENNEL.

IT is not given to everyone to form a reputation as a breeder of any kind of pedigree stock; indeed, it has been said that the "eye for a beast" is a special gift, vouchsafed to only a very limited number of mankind. It is the more wonderful, therefore, that the Messrs. Tilley, some of whose dogs are depicted here, should have been successful in so many directions. They breed and show Shire horses, shorthorn cattle, pigs, and Indian game among other things. We, however, are chiefly concerned with the dogs. The two breeds for which Messrs. Tilley's kennels at Shepton Mallet are best known are Old English sheepdogs and Clumber spaniels. The first-mentioned breed

common origin, for there are still many points of resemblance between them. The following is the description of the general appearance of a bobtail given by the Old English Sheepdog Club: "A strong, compact-looking dog of great symmetry, absolutely free of legginess or weazleness, profusely coated all over, very elastic in galloping, but in walking or trotting he has a characteristic ambling or pacing movement, and his bark should be loud with a peculiar *pot casse* ring in it. Taking him all round, he is a thick-set, muscular, able-bodied dog, with a most intelligent expression, free of all poodle or deerhound character."



T. Fall.

A GROUP OF CLUMBER SPANIELS.

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has lately become very popular, and it is feared that some of its best qualities may deteriorate under the influence of the show bench. This is not likely to be the case with Messrs. Tilley's dogs, for they are nearly all trained to work both sheep and cattle, and judging from the immense number of prizes they have secured both in this country and in America, work in the field in no way interferes with their appearance in the show-ring. The Old English sheepdog, bobtail or drover's dog, performed the same duties in the Southern Counties as the collie did in the North, and it is quite possible that the two breeds may have had a

The skull should be capacious and squarely formed, to give plenty of room for a large brain. The jaw, though long and strong, must be square and truncate to avoid any suspicion of a strain of deerhound, the ears small and

carried close to the side of the head. The fore legs should be perfectly straight with plenty of bone, while the hind legs must have the hocks well let down, and the loin and hind quarters must be powerful, to give the necessary pace to the dog. The coat must be profuse and of good hard texture, shaggy but free from curl, while the under-coat should be so dense as to be perfectly impervious

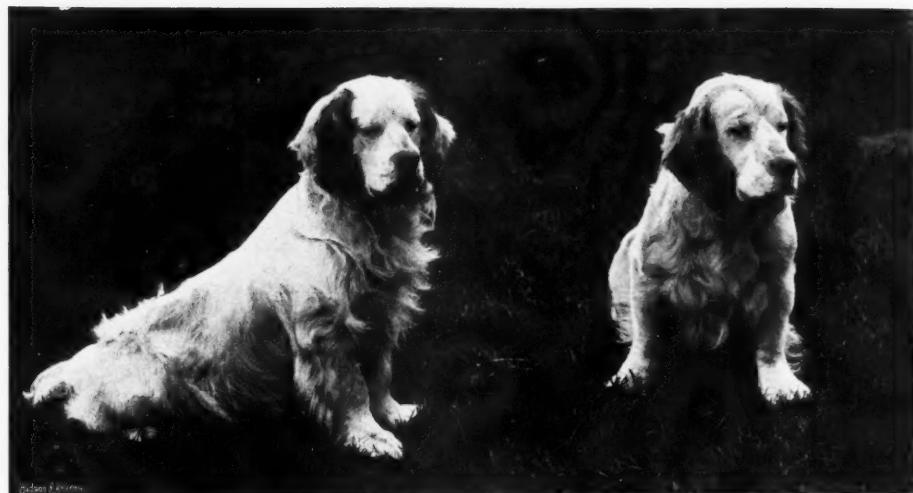


A CLUMBER SPANIEL AND PUPPIES.

to any ordinary amount of rain likely to occur during a day's work. Any shade of grey, grizzle, blue, or blue merled with or without white markings, is looked upon with favour by the judges, but any suspicion of brown or sable is considered distinctly objectionable and not to be encouraged. Of late years breeders have been striving to increase the size, and the Old English Sheepdog Club have decided

that the proper height is 22in. and upwards for dogs and slightly less for bitches. As will be seen from the accompanying illustrations, the dogs at Shepton Mallet answer very closely to this description, and the extraordinary success of the owners in the show-ring bears out this point. To give an instance of this success, on one day in February last their dogs carried off no less than twenty-three first prizes, five cups, four specials, three medals, five second prizes, and forty-four diplomas. When it is mentioned that this happened at Cruft's Show and the New York Show, the biggest canine exhibition held on the other side of the Atlantic, it must be admitted that the owners have some reason to take credit to themselves for such a performance. In both North and South America the bobtail is very popular, and Messrs. Tilley send many of their best dogs across the Atlantic, where they are used both for work and for show purposes.

The Clumbers at Shepton Mallet are also very well worth the consideration of all dog-lovers. They, too, have taken many prizes on the show bench, and are also thoroughly well trained for their own work. Mr. H. A. Tilley, being an enthusiastic sportsman, is never happier



T. Fall.

BLEECHGROVE RODNEY AND LANDRAIL.

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T. Fall.

LANDRAIL.

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A TEAM OF OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOGS.

than when walking round his shooting with a brace of these splendid little sporting dogs. If the origin of the bobtail is wrapt in mystery, much more so is that of the Clumber. For many years they were only to be found in the possession of the Newcastle family, from one of whose seats the breed takes its name. Some great authorities believe that Clumbers are not properly classified along with the other

spaniels, and ought to be considered as a breed by themselves. Others assert that they are a cross between the English spaniel and the French basset-hound, and some of their characteristics seem to favour this theory. The Sporting Spaniel Society thus describe a typical Clumber :

"The Clumber is the longest, lowest, and largest of the spaniels. He was bred chiefly for battue-shooting, to work in a pack the forest-coverts of the Midlands, where the undergrowth is not thick. He is admirably adapted for work of this kind by the excellence of his nose, his slowness, and docility. He is always mute.

"Skull.—Large, massive, and broad on top, with decided occiput, heavy brows, and deep stop.

"Jaws.—Of medium length, square, with flews well developed.

"Eyes.—Orange-brown, rather sunken, and showing the haw slightly.

"Ears.—Large and vine-leaf shaped, carried slightly forward, the hair on them straight.

"Neck.—Thick and powerful, well feathered underneath.

"Shoulders.—Strong, sloping and muscular.

"Fore Legs.—Heavy boned and short, inclining inwards very slightly at the knee-joint, with plenty of feather.

"Body.—Long, strong, and barrel-like, with great ribs.

"Loin.—Straight, broad, and long, well let down in flank.



AN OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG.

"*Hind Quarters*.—Very powerful and muscular, the stifles rather straight.
"Feet.—Large, round, and hairy, the knuckle not very prominent.

"*Stern*.—Set low, well feathered, and carried about level with the back.
"*Coat*.—Abundant, thick, soft, and straight.

"*Colour*.—Creamy white with lemon markings, orange markings not so typical; generally marked on skull and freckled on muzzle, the nostrils flesh-coloured, and the body nearly white.

"*General Appearance*.—A long, low, massive dog, with a thoughtful expression. Weight of dogs from 55lb. to 65lb., of bitches from 45lb. to 55lb."

Of the pictures of Messrs. Tilley's dogs, the photograph of Landrail's head is particularly good, and shows admirably that peculiarly dignified expression so characteristic of this breed. As a sporting dog the Clumber is very hard to beat; he is docile, steady, and very persevering, though perhaps he lacks some of the dash of his English and Welsh cousins. He is rapidly gaining favour with sportsmen, both in this country and in the United States, where Messrs. Tilley find many of their best customers.

A "FALL" PARTY IN VANCOUVER.

THERE is a place, on the outskirts of civilisation, where the weary Londoner may let conventionality slip from him as a worn-out garment, and may play a pleasant game of "settling" with the easy consciousness that a three days' sea-journey will land him back in California, on the way home to England. Opposite to the town of Vancouver (the terminus of the great Canadian-Pacific Railway), across the bay, on the outskirts of a forest, is a stretch of land partially cleared of late, and here is a summer camp — for summer lasts until November in this district of British Columbia — surrounded by acres of fern and wild flowers, with great charred stumps and roots of burnt pines bedded in the green tangle. The maples are reddening fast, flaunting their autumnal finery against a sombre background of pines and firs, whose scent, pungent and invigorating, permeates the balsamic, breezy air. Rough wooden shanties, locally known as "shacks," and primitive cottages, are scattered over the clearing, and are raised about a foot



T. Fall.

THE GENTLEMAN AND DOLLY GREY.

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above the ground, for of moisture there is plenty, and also abundance of harmless speckled snakes, and sly-footed grey rats of inquisitive tastes. So that in this little modern Eden, where Adam delves and Eve spins a deit web of household life — a life that is clothed and swept and garnished — it is but a wise and meet concession to the march of years that five rooms of rough-and-ready architecture, under a wooden roof, should represent a Paradise lost and regained. And for such a little home as this a rent of five shillings a week is ample, while Nature charges nothing but a toll of physical activity for the accessories she provides. Game and salmon are plentiful (though be it said that both would yield in delicacy of flavour to Scotch birds and fish), and for such matter-of-fact details as milk and groceries there is a philanthropic settler's cow and an enterprising ferryman who plies between Vancouver town and Eden.

Bronzed men, in flannel shirts, who but a few weeks before chafed in high collars and hats at London functions, and wives, in huge housewifely aprons, who, flounced and furbelowed, languidly followed Fashion's bidding through midsummer hours, busy themselves contentedly with domestic tasks, fetching water from the well, or cooking at the camp-stove boasted by every shack. And here, where cedar-wood is burnt, fire-lighting is an epicurean joy. Later, when all the digging and cooking and sweeping is done, these



T. Fall.

DOLLY GREY.

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happy householders dress themselves elegantly, lock up their shacks, and go forth to pay calls across the bay — to tennis, croquet, and dinner parties.

The thorns amidst the roses are but minor drawbacks to this soul-refreshing life. There are mosquitoes, it is true, but they do not penetrate through the window-netting; and there is a big fly called the bull-head, which swoops, takes a triangular bite at his prey, and is gone. But the open-air active life makes for hardiness, and such small details dwindle to nothing in the presence of these great mountains, reminiscent of Scotch highlands, that rise above the land-locked bay which well might be a loch.

And what are mosquitoes or bull-heads in a Utopia where police and political strife are superfluous; where the problems of military, naval, and domestic service are in abeyance; where life is idyllic, fragrant, natural. Life in British territory, too, for this is Canada, and we are not sojourning amongst foreigners when we take our outing for the "fall" in Vancouver.

WITH THE MERLINS IN WILTSHIRE.—II

EN minutes' good walking out of any one of the villages on the Plain will almost always bring you as completely out of sight of it as if it were situated in the next county. Having climbed the rather steep ascent to where the hard road ends, and is succeeded by a green track, we find ourselves on a sort of plateau, where the eye ranges for miles around without seeing the sign of a habitation of any kind. The wide expanse of undulating down is varied here and there by plantations, both great and small; and the long stretches of verdure merge in many places into the yellow tints of cornfields not yet harvested, or the deeper green of root crops now growing apace. These are the regions which we must shun; and accordingly we give a wide berth to the big patch of wheat on our right, of which part has not been cut, and the rest is stubble, occupied with numberless "stooks," in any one of which a lark might take shelter when bested in the air. On the left there is nothing to interfere with a flight until you come to a short line of thick hedge in the valley, and beyond that the embankment of the new railway which, with its rank growth of tall grass and straggly weeds, looks a likely place to attract a quarry in difficulties. Between there and the uncut wheat on our right is a distance of a good half-mile; and if we can find a lark about midway, in the open, there will be time for at least several stoops before he reaches either place of refuge.

Tyee is the little hawk destined to open the ball. He was wilder during the last few days of "hack" than the others, and, while undergoing his course of instruction since then, has shown more disposition to jump off the fist at passing birds. So, when well clear of the dangerous wheat, he is unhooded, and his spring swivel is unhooked from the jesses, which are now held by their ends between the finger and thumb of the man who carries him. The task of finding quarry is, however, not so easy as most people suppose. The popular idea is that you have only to walk a few yards over a Wiltshire down before seeing at least one lark. Now at some times of year this is not a great deal too much to say, but at the moulting time most of these birds are in the stubbles, and many in the standing corn; others—especially in windy weather—under the lee of some plantation; and a whole multitude in the close neighbourhood of some thick bushes, into which they can escape at once if pursued by one of the wild merlins which hunt over the Plain. Thus we have had quite a longish walk, and are far from where we unhooded our hawk, when a lark, which was passing overhead, obligingly comes down and takes up a position on the ground not more than a hundred yards ahead. We make a slight détour to the left, so as to walk up to him against the wind, and that one of our party who is fleetest of foot is detached with orders to walk down wind as fast as he likes, so as to act as marker when the flight begins, and to have a good start when it becomes necessary to run and keep the two birds in sight. Before we are halfway on our march towards the place where the lark was marked down he decamps, taking more "law" than we should have liked for a beginner like Tvee.



AN EYESS MERLIN.

This is an anxious moment for the trainer of these hawks. For the chances are that this eyess, who has never seen a lark before, and has never flown at any bird since he came up from the nest, will fail to see the necessity of giving chase at all. And if his sister and brother are equally backward in coming forward, it may be advisable to use the old jack merlin as a "make hawk" to teach them their business. Fortunately the little hawk does better than the most expert of us expect. Being thrown off directly at the lark, and as there is nothing whatever else to distract his attention, he steers straight for it, and, as the quarry at first keeps close to the ground, he follows at his best pace, which is considerably the better of the two. Still, the start is a long one for a perfectly-untried hawk, and we are left a great way behind before we see that he is on terms with his quarry. After his first dash at the lark—which can hardly be called a stoop, as it is not made from any height—the lark goes up, or, to use the correct phrase, "takes the air." But at that game he is no more a match for Tyee than on the flat. If the young hawk only knew how to work his quarry he would be sure of a kill. But it is not given to many eyesses to fly in good style from the very first; so, instead of waiting till he is well above and making a powerful downward stoop, he keeps hunting the lark about in the air, and trying to grab him as a retriever grabs a winged partridge. Oh, Tyee! that is not the way to succeed! It is much easier for the lark, with his small body and compact wings and tail, to throw you out than it is for you to keep twisting and turning about without any real impetus on you, such as there would be if you came down from a good height. The lark, moreover, is at least in quite as good condition as you, and is much better versed

in the tactics of flying. In fact, he is now taking heart, and working his way steadily towards the railway down wind. After half-a-dozen ineffectual grabs at him the hawk has at last made up his mind that his best plan is to go up a bit; and the next stoop he makes is from well above his quarry. But it is not well enough aimed to hit the fugitive, who has now a great pace on him, with the wind right behind. This time, however, the little hawk, having missed, is able to "throw up," with his remaining impetus, to nearly the same height as before. Meanwhile, both birds have drifted on fast with the wind. One more stoop, which again is unsuccessful, and the lark disappears over a ridge of down.

We see Tyee throw up again, fly forwards, and once more dash down out of sight. Running up with all haste over the ridge, we find that the two birds have got down into a deep cutting through which the railway here runs. But there is no cover there to hide even a lark for long, and we soon rout him out from the side of a sleeper. Tyee, who had taken perch on the railings up above, is after him like a shot. But the lark has now got his wind. He has also "taken the measure" of his pursuer, and, doubtless, knows well that he is but a beginner. So he shifts from the stoop unharmed, and is off over the top of the cutting, with Tyee at his heels, long before we can climb up



HOODS OF VARIOUS PATTERNS.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

the steep ascent. What afterwards occurred we can only guess. But, as we find the hawk standing on a rail, near a very tangly place, where thistles contend for the mastery with gigantic weeds, we assume that the lark has "put in" there, and attempt, but without success, to beat him out. Well, at any rate, Tyee is now a "made hawk." With a lark rather less clever he would certainly have killed. Next time let us hope that he will have profited by his experience, and show better style.

Now for the old jack—the haggard. His plumage is not by any means perfect. The fourth flight feather in each wing is entirely wanting, having been dropped three days ago in the moult. But this is not his first flight at wild quarry. No; amongst the hundreds of birds killed by him in fair flight, before he was captured three weeks ago, there may have been scores of larks. In spite of his ragged wings and want of condition—for how could he be put on the wing until reclaimed?—he must at least know how to fly. In style, if not in speed, he will, at all events, excel.

Leaving the least active of our party to feed up Tyee, and keep well down wind of us, we return to the open country, and, in a somewhat better place than the last, we find the required chance for the old hawk. This lark appears to be no novice at the work which is now expected of him. Whether he catches sight of his pursuer as he is thrown off, or whether luck so ordains it, he takes his line upwards at once. He is rather wide of us to the right; and to our dismay the jack takes the other direction, going rather across the wind than directly in the face of it, and apparently not troubling himself to mount fast. He is, however, travelling at a great pace, and to all appearance seems to be leaving us for good. Exclamations of disappointment and disapprobation escape from the less experienced spectators. But the trainer signs with his hand to our marker to run as hard as he can still further down wind. The lark mounts steadily, going straight up wind, and is far higher than the hawk. All of a sudden there is a complete change in the state of affairs. The old hawk turns sharp round, and, getting the full force of the wind under his wings, comes like a meteor right across in front of us, rising as steadily as a balloon and as fast as a prize-winning kite. This rocket-like ascent brings him right up to and past the lark, who, to our eyes, seems to be hardly moving by comparison with his adversary. The upward stroke does not hit him. It was not intended to do so. But it has brought the hawk well above. And now the lark makes a "ring," seeming to pursue the other bird. The jack does the same, ringing in the same direction, and increasing his advantage in height, waiting evidently till he is in position for a stoop. The two circling birds go up and up, and are now so high that the lark is hardly visible, and the hawk looks no bigger than a gnat. We can no longer guess how far the latter is above his quarry. But he is making much the larger rings of the two, and as he is at the further end of one of them the lark suddenly alters his tactics. Like some inanimate speck—like a pebble or a bullet—he comes dropping down headlong towards the earth. As far as we can judge he has a start of 200yds. or 300yds., reckoning upwards, and more than that measured sideways. The little hawk, without any appearance of hurry, follows suit. And there are the two birds racing in a downward direction, as if about to dash themselves to pieces against the solid ground.

As the lark comes within 20yds. of the earth his downward course bends in a horizontal direction. And then the stoop comes. The foe has made up his disadvantage in position by



A MERLIN HOODED.

extra speed. The two birds are moving at such a pace that we cannot see exactly what occurs. There is a swerve by both to one side, and another upwards. But whether the hawk goes by on one side or the other, above or under the quarry, not one of us can tell. All that is certain is that the stoop has failed to hit the mark. But the lark is so exhausted by the violent effort required to avoid the blow, that he flops along with diminished speed and actions which clearly betray his distress and fear. The hawk meanwhile, without a sign of discouragement or annoyance, throws up for a next stoop, which he knows can hardly now be unsuccessful. And before the lark has gone another 50yds. towards a clump of thistles, for which he is feebly trying to make his way, he is picked up without apparent difficulty in the grasp of the pursuer. Then the blue-grey wings are at last spread wide and motionless. The tail, with its broad black bar, is opened like a fan; and the victorious haggard comes quietly down on the soft flowery down. No fear here that the old hawk will indulge in the vice of bolting with his quarry. Throughout his training he has never shown the least disposition to thus misbehave himself. He lets the trainer come up without the least sign of suspicion or mistrust. And he finishes his meal, partly on the ground and partly on the fist, with as much unconcern as if the killing of a "ringer" was an everyday performance over which there was no reason to feel at all proud or excited.

E. B. M.

A NIGHT ON AN EEL-SETT.

FLAT and uninteresting" are two words commonly linked together. But a flat country has its good points: colour and brightness, stretches of shining water, the hum of an untrammelled breeze, the sense of space, the free view which gives to East Anglian natives the far-sighted look of sailors. Even the dismalness of a typical October day has its attractions, when the whole sport and noise of the elements can be seen



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PARTLY ON THE GROUND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and heard, the wind running over the gamut of its pipes on the marshland, rustling the reeds, bending the torn and infrequent trees, urging the clouds in such ceaseless pursuit of each other as to leave them scarce time to melt into a downpour. The evening of such a day it was—cold, bitterly cold, black with a blackness that groped towards and pressed round one.

But complete darkness is seldom lonely or weird; never so when fire and warmth are the centre of it. Our dwelling for the night was a boat, or the remains of one, drawn up on the bank of the river; a house-boat, with almost as much house as boat—a rough, tarry, patchwork sort of hut on a once worthy but now sorely weather-beaten smack-boat. The interior was fishy and stuffy, true, but snug compared with the wet and dark outside, for the stove, albeit an ill-smelling oil-stove, glowed warmly; the lamp was clear, whilst a small bed (and the only seat) with a sack counterpane, and some cups and saucers, suggested, if they did not invite, rest and refreshment. A locker, which also served as the table, a gun, several pots, a frying-pan, a portrait, actually not a colour-print but a half-tone engraving, of the late Queen, and a few odds and ends, completed this rough home. Part and parcel of the roughness was the old eel-catcher himself—grizzled, uncouth, taciturn, having the self-contained expression so usual with those inured to long and lonely vigils.

"Oh, aye!" he said; "this weather suit me; black as the hakes, een't it? Th' owd eels like the dark. It fare hard on other fowk, though. My brother, now: live at Scewle, he du: he coun't pay his rint at Michaelmuss."

The brother, it appeared, had been harvesting eight or nine weeks instead of the usual three or four; thus he earned but the fixed harvest wage of seven pounds, whereas, had the weather been favourable, he would have received seven pounds for his month's harvesting, plus four weeks' ordinary wage. The difference was the all-important one between rent and no rent.

"But th' eels like the dark. When the mune be up it een't



WITH THE BAGGAGE.

wuth stopping in the sett; fur they ont run. And by gom! it fare cowd (deserted), I can tell yow, when the mune shine."

"Drear?" I said.

"Tha's so," he replied.

Eels do not spawn in fresh, but in brackish or salt, water. Hence, during the autumn and winter months some (but not all) of the full-grown fish descend the rivers in shoals on their way to the sea. Such emigrations are the eel-catchers' opportunities.

To intercept the migrants a net is stretched across the river. Its head or top is seized to a rope, which, being tied to stakes on either bank, is kept at the surface of the river; the foot is weighted with stones or chains, which pull it down into the mud. During the day the whole apparatus lies on the river bed out of the way of passing wherries, but at night its top is brought to the surface to form the obstructing wall. Obstruction, however, is not enough; the wily eels must be entangled. Finding the net impassable, they wriggle about in search of an opening, and run into a sort of blind alley, which is funnel-shaped, kept gaping by hoops, and stretched out lengthwise by the ebb of the tide; whilst its point is a narrow pocket or "cod-piece" of very fine mesh, through which the eels cannot pass. On turning round to escape the way they came, they are hopelessly worried and entangled by a series of small purses or pockets tied to the hoops of the funnel. The eel-catcher must watch the "sett" during the night to clear it, and, if need be, to lower the head-rope below the keel of the passing wherry.

At first the vigil in the cabin seemed long, from the unconquerable reserve of the eel-catcher, who was laconic and uncommunicative, though kindly and by no means unwilling to have company. Silent it was not; lively enough was the wind, continuous the sighing of the reeds, fierce the

hiss of the rain-squall on the water, whilst now and again a rat rustled in the hover. About midnight we turned out. Ugh! the biting cold. An impromptu bath in the river would be colder. gingerly, then, did we step into the reed canoe, an untrustworthy bark at any time, absolutely precarious to the inexperienced when the feeble light of the lantern played hide-and-seek with the dark. But wariness saved the situation, and we pushed into mid-stream, just as a drenching squall of rain bore down upon us. The net was pulled up, and the cod-piece being dragged aboard, we had the satisfaction of seeing a mass of phosphorescent eels, which made the queerest kind of squeaking, and "slithered" about with a quickness that made it impossible, in that light, to distinguish any shape or form. The cod-piece was cast off and another seized on; then we got ashore again with our catch.

"Not a bad haul, eh?"

"An't up to a sight," replied the man of eels shortly. "About two stone at five an' six a stone."

"And the difference between that price and tenpence a pound in London is the cost of transit, dealers' profits, and so forth?"

"Tha's so; I an't making a fortune?" he muttered grumbly.

Meantime we had hauled on a chain, and brought to the bank, a large chest about three feet wide, three deep, and five long, which was perforated with small holes. The eel-catcher threw the cover open, tumbled the catch in, shut it down, and pushed the box off the bank into the black water again. For the public demands its eels lively.

We sought refuge from the driving rain in the midget house. The eel-catcher got a late supper: fried eels, bread, and home-brewed ale warmed and spiced with ginger; a simple meal, deftly prepared, thoroughly enjoyed. After this diversion, what with short naps (for the cosiness of the cabin made one sleepy), odds and ends of chat on eels and the many varied topics of Broadland, and our several visits to the sett, the night passed more quickly. Just before six o'clock a wan brightness appeared in the east, casting some pale, nameless tinge on the clouds which still hunted one another across the sky; soon after it was quite day—a day tired ere it had well begun, cheerless, brimming tears, promising further storm and stress on the East Coast. The pallidness of the early morning was reflected on the landscape, so that the torn, dripping reeds seemed a shade yellower, the black spots on them blacker and closer together, the once rich heads greyer and more haggard; whilst the water was swollen and turbid, and its livid shine was diversified with the leaves and wrack it had gathered during the night. Ah! it was cheerless enough; and one welcomed the first sign of human life—the collector of the eels in his boat.

"What cheer!" cried the collector. "How goes it?"

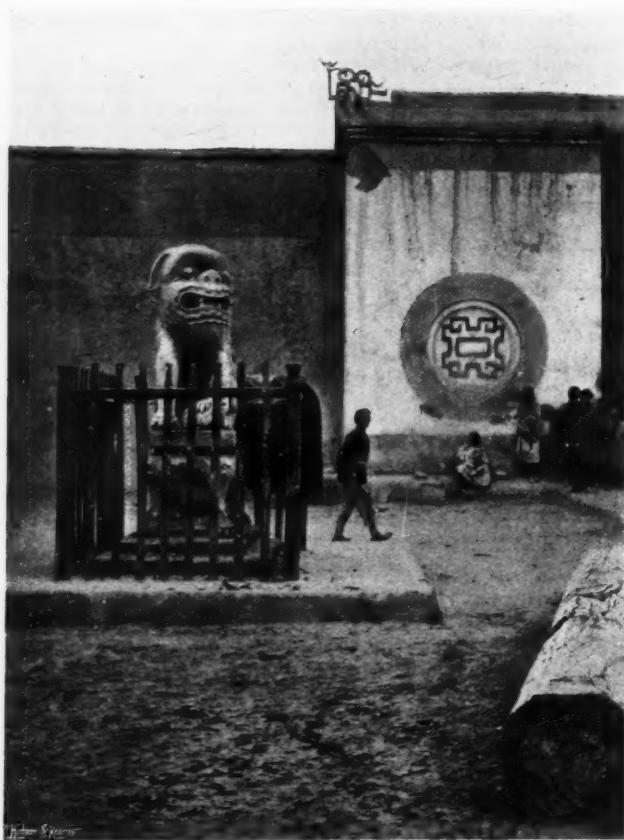
"Fare tu be seven stone," replied the man of eels concisely.

ERNEST CATTERMOLE.

CAPTAIN HAMBRO'S TOUR IN CHINESE TURKESTAN.



THE CAGUE.



DRAGONS AND PAINTINGS.

shot in their varieties. The expedition of which the following gives some sketchy account was undertaken by Captain Hambro and a friend, as much with the idea of seeing country that the white man's foot had not often profaned before, as of getting specimens of the sheep. At the same time, that the sporting interest was not neglected altogether is seen by the reproductions from the photographs, taken by Captain Hambro himself, of one or two of the trophies, as well as of many other objects of interest, that the party saw in course of their journey. The travelling for the first few weeks is described as tiresome in the extreme, with constant delays from a thousand causes, but at length the travellers found themselves in very comfortable quarters and heartily welcomed in the house of the British Resident at Kashgar. Kashgar is described as divided into two distinct cities—the native and the Chinese. Here, in Chinese Turkestan, one is in contact with China proper, in its vast extent. The palace of the Taotai, in Kashgar, has its walls covered with various strange and symbolic pictures, and is guarded by statues, apparently of the Chinese Dog god, Foa. The palace guardroom was garnished with an armament of flags, crescent-bladed pikes, and poles with knives lashed to their ends; but at the moment of Captain Hambro's visit the guard had "gone home," and there was but a single sentry standing before the door, eating his dinner with chopsticks. There were no other arms besides those named, for though rifles were known, Captain Hambro seems to think that the natives had not much faith in them, preferring their primitive weapons. It says little, perhaps, for the type of commercial rifle that reaches the people.

The Court of Justice is gained by passing through the outer courts of the palace, and a little further on, in the main

street, the party found two prisoners undergoing the punishment of the "Cague," practically sitting in stocks. The bearded and laughing felon is a character. It is he that took in sundry of the learned by the forgery of ancient documents said to have been excavated from buried cities in the Takla Mahan desert, and he looks capable of getting much satisfaction out of so doing. We gather it was for some other villainy that he was ornamenting the stocks for the moment. The veiled lady in the picture is his wife, faithful to him in all changes of fortune.

The native town is chiefly of mud houses, that can be easily rebuilt after an earthquake, and do little damage in their fall. It is of many narrow winding streets, and encircled by a wall 30ft. high and 6ft. thick. In the outer city are a bank, a telegraph station, and a British and a Russian Residency.

The party could not afford many days at Kashgar, on account of the lateness of the season, and started eastward, by the north side of the Takla Mahan Desert. The transport for



ONE OF THE KASHGAR ESCORT IN FULL DRESS.

luggage and servants consisted of arabas, the cart in universal use in China. For the first three or four days the travelling was

very slow, through a sandy waste, with a few tamarisks here and there, but so "heavy-going" that for the most part the pace was no better than a walk. The track is sufficiently marked out by the "patoi," or Chinese milestones. After a few days the character of the country changed, and was less arid, with pleasant groves of willows and poplars. On the ninth day out from Kashgar they came to the edge of the desert, at that point intersected by ridges of singularly abrupt sand-hills.

Captain Hambro notes, with a kind of grim humour, that there is much evidence of former life, and a



GRAVEYARD ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT.

thriving population, along the line of this road, in the shape mainly of the graveyards and handsome shrines put up to the memory of famous heroes long deceased. The shrines are built by Turkomans, and these dead heroes lend point to the innumerable and interminable tales of the story-teller. In every village and town all over Turkestan the professional story-teller is a great person, and all through the evenings regales his hearers with delightful anecdote. The days of the thousand and one nights are not yet gone in the East. The bard, so to style him, though he is no musician by profession, takes his seat in the main street of the bazaar and his auditors gather round him, smoking, while the busy hum of the general gossip and traffic accompanies his story—usually of some wild border foray that might almost come, with the necessary changes, from "Tales of a Grandfather." Other signs, besides the graveyards and shrines, of a departed population, or of former busier use of the track, were given by the ruins of the rest-houses put up by the Government primarily for the use of the Chinese authorities when on the march, but open also for the use of all travellers of the *bona-fide* qualification. For the moment, at all events, these were all in ruins, thrown down by the recent earthquakes, which make such havoc of the mud buildings. At a place called Haltrah the party came on remains of a buried city of considerable extent, not less than ten square miles in area within its encircling wall. There, too, were the ruins of a large fort; and this town being placed at the foot of the hills, the fort overlooked a great extent of the lower country, and was probably a valuable rallying-place for an offensive foray or place of retreat from a foray in which other tribes were the aggressors. About the ruins of this town were found many relics, such as coins and pottery, and a few portions of gold and silver ornaments. As elsewhere in the East, it appeared that the style of architecture of to-day is identical with that of the long past, for in this ancient city the walls of the houses were made of thin poplar poles, set so close as almost to touch one another, and plastered up with mud and clay in the crevices. That is the present style, and that, too, the style of the ruined city. Solomon's often-quoted saying that there is nothing new under the sun may have some universal truth, but it is still more

applicable to the East than to the West. As the ribald Yankee commented, "He had not seen Chicago."

At the gloomy entrance of the Muzat Pass the escort of soldiers from Kashgar were to say good-bye to Captain Hambro and his party, then about to pass into the country of the Kazaks and Kirghiz. But before departing, they came and paraded in full dress—that is to say, in a red coat, with a big white bullseye in front and a similar one behind, apparently to offer a good target for the enemy's aim. The Muzat Pass is described as of the most forbidding aspect to one approaching it from Kashgar and the west. Nevertheless, it seems to have given no trouble to the travellers, neither do they seem at any point of this somewhat adventurous trip to have encountered the least hostility from any

of the various rather wild tribes among whom they passed their time from day to day. Captain Hambro naturally does not say so; but incidentally it is to be gathered from his notes that the Europeans were careful to treat the Orientals in a friendly manner, and with all the tact that is necessary if the two elements are to mingle without friction.

On one of the very first evenings after the party had passed through the Muzat Pass and come down on Shatla they entertained the astonished inhabitants of that town with a gramophone concert. Apparently the songs were not the part of the performance that appealed to the auditors most strongly. You cannot, perhaps, expect that they should be educated up to the full appreciation of all the beauties of "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road" and other musical gems of Mr. Albert Chevalier, but they were immensely impressed and taken with some of the bird calls and with the sound of a dog barking, etc., doubtless regarding their visitors as magicians of no mean power. At Shatla the local levies of Kazaks, Kirghiz and other tribes were hard at work on the construction of log huts for protection against the cold of the approaching winter. Captain Hambro's photograph of the scene gives a capital idea both of the huts and of the builders.

The type of the Kazak physiognomy is strongly marked and dignified, with large features.



KAZAKS.



THE GRAMOPHONE.



KAZAKS BUILDING LOG HUTS.

Now and again the facial type shows an admixture of the Mongolian, but this is uncommon, and in their long flowing robes the bearded elders usually have an aspect of considerable dignity.

THE STONE CURLEW.

WHEN we were children and covered our faces in order to escape some real or imaginary evil, we were likened by our elders to the ostrich, which, so we were told, and we in turn tell our children, thrusts its head into the sand to escape from danger, and so the foolish bird, unseeing, imagines itself unseen. Now, I do not know whether the idea of this story originated in the imagination of the early historian, or was founded on some dimly observed habit of the ostrich; I strongly incline to the latter belief, for most stories of the kind may be traced to a fact or a misunderstanding of a fact. This story of the ostrich recurred vividly to me when first I beheld a young stone curlew hiding itself on bare sandy ground, as devoid of natural cover as a desert. On such occasions it lies with throat, outstretched neck, and body pressed close to the ground, and the protective colour and pattern of the downy covering, combined with the peculiar attitude, enable it to as effectually conceal itself as though it had a thicket to hide in; it is among birds one of the most marvellous instances in which the protectiveness of the colouration and markings is only perfect when a particular attitude is assumed. Here, it seems to me, is the solution of the story of the ostrich burying its head in the sand: a true desert bird, when full grown relying for safety on its keen sight and fleetness of foot, when small and weak some subtler means of escape from its enemies must prevail, and what more likely than that at the approach of danger it should, like the young stone curlew, sink flat on the sandy ground, remaining motionless and practically invisible, owing to its colour and attitude assimilating so well with the sand and stones surrounding it, until the danger is passed. Such natural devices do not always guard against the greater intelligence of man, however efficient they may be against birds of prey and other natural enemies; and so it may be that the first parents, to chide their children, likening them to the foolish bird which seeks to escape its enemies by shutting them from its own sight, discovered the young ostriches stretched on the sand, and not being great as philosophers, were unable to recognise aught but foolishness in a beautiful device of Nature.

Be this as it may, one of the prettiest and most interesting sights of bird life is a young stone curlew stretched on the ground, as in the photograph here reproduced. It is a rare sight

even for a naturalist to see, for, as will be readily understood, they are most difficult to find; but, when found, they form most admirable "sitters" to the camera, remaining as motionless as a stone. They are seldom disturbed from their position by the nearest approach, allowing a hand or foot to be placed on the ground close to them. I have even picked up one, and replaced it on the ground, without its showing a sign of life or relaxing the stiffness of its attitude. Sometimes, however, one will seem to realise that it is discovered, and then, from appearing to be a part of the ground, will spring suddenly into life, and very active life too. Before you recover from the surprise, it will run swiftly away, soon covering fifty or a hundred yards, and then as suddenly disappearing from sight as it drops flat on the ground again; and if the eye has not faithfully marked the spot, it is more than likely that the bird will never be seen again.



W. Farren.

NEST OF THE STONE CURLEW.

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The parent bird seems fully conscious of the wonderful protection with which Nature has endowed its little ones, and never hesitates to leave them at the approach of an intruder; it does not fly directly from the spot where the young are, but runs swiftly and quietly for a considerable distance, so that when it does rise in flight it leaves no indication as to the whereabouts of its home. It might be thought that the stone curlew, being a large bird—it is as large as its namesake the real curlew—would be easy enough to see as it runs, but this is far from being the case. It chooses for its breeding quarters large open spaces, not, however, favouring the seashore, unless there is a very expansive beach, such as the vast shingle-beds near Dungeness, where a fair number nest annually, but inland "fallows," such as that sandy arid country in Norfolk and Suffolk known as the "Breck."

In such exposed situations it is difficult to approach very near the home of this wary bird undetected. Whether it has eggs or young, it slips away before you are within 200 yards of it, at which distance its size goes for little. Even if the distance is considerably less, the character of its colour and markings—a light ochreous ground covered with numerous short brown striations—serves admirably to break up the formal outline of the bird, and this is a most, perhaps the most, important factor in the general scheme of nearly all protective patterns in the animal kingdom.

During the last two seasons I have had good opportunities for studying stone curlews at close quarters. Lying concealed near their nests, sometimes for hours at a stretch, I have watched the birds come and go; and although often only a few yards distant, there has always been the same curious difficulty in retaining a clear impression of them in the eye as they move stealthily about, for the lack of apparent outline gives them a filmy appearance; the impression is not one of a material, feathered-covered body, but a



W. Farren.

THE STONE CURLEW.

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thin, vague shadow of a bird which glides in and out of sight in a manner very trying to eyes tired with long watching. Such an impression is not at all easy to render in a photograph; the atmosphere and space are lacking. Of several photographs I have taken of the stone curlew, the one here reproduced of the bird standing over her eggs is the only one which gives any idea of how the outline of the bird is lost, assimilating with the background of sand and stones. This may be seen better if the photograph is moved gradually to a distance of about 2 ft. from the eyes.

The nest is a hollow scraped in the ground, in which are laid two large, oval, irregularly streaked and blotched eggs, and here the same scheme of protective pattern prevails. The eggs are like no individual stone, but the irregularity of the markings causes them to assimilate with the general environment of sand with stones of various shades and sizes. If they were of plain stone colour without markings, they would be quite conspicuous owing to the clean oval outline.

This may be seen in the reproduction of the photograph of the nest. This particular nest contained one egg normally marked, and one in which the markings were so peculiarly light as to be scarcely discernible; it serves excellently to show by comparison how conspicuous the unbroken outline is. It is somewhat questionable if our army would welcome the innovation of a khaki uniform irregularly blotched and streaked with brown, but it would, without doubt, be less conspicuous in the field than a whole colour.

W. Farren.

WILLIAM FARREN.



HIDING.

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THE cobble-stones of Haarlem are trod by the feet of thousands of travellers, who snatch a day from a circular tour to "do" the Frans Hals pictures in the Stadhuis, but few linger in the city of bulbs when autumn begins to yellow the trees along the canals. Few care to drink deep of the brooding stillness that wraps, as



W. Farren.

A MOTHERLY-LOOKING STONE CURLEW.

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in a mantle, that ancient city. But to those who have slept beneath its gabled roofs and shared its quiet daily life, Haarlem ever calls, not with the throbbing, disquieting call of the East, but with promise of peace and days remote from fever and fret. Time glides by smoothly there—silently like the green canal waters. The autumn sunshine lingers long on the tiled roofs, mellowes them, lights up the velvet moss that clings to them, casts strange shadows across the silent waterways, draws you out to the Haarlemer Bosch—the leafy woods. There the green depths are dappled with golden leaves and golden sunlight, the pungent scent of fading fern and leaf comes fitfully on the quiet air. No sound or sight of city near at hand breaks the stillness. That is the keynote of Haarlem—stillness, broken only, alas! in the main streets by the clanging tram bell. This is the only incongruity; within the gabled houses life flows along serenely. The housewives busy themselves in their speckless rooms or direct the rosy-cheeked servants in kitchens gleaming with

brass and copper. The rosy-cheeked ones, sad to say, begin to rebel at the gilt and lace head-dress which their mothers wore before them, and thus a note of picturesqueness is dying away. But they still clatter over the grassy cobbles in wooden shoes, "klompen," and short petticoats, and use the gleaming brass syringe to clean the windows and railings. When all is in order, within and without the house, the Haarlem ladies, placidly knitting, sit at their windows and watch the "incomings and outgoings" of their neighbours through the little "spionetje," or reflector, which is as indispensable to every house as a front door. Or they meet together, Cranford-wise, for coffee and all manner of toothsome cakes, with a liqueur to give piquancy to the feast. Some prefer a drive in a strange and ancient vehicle out to the open country beyond the city. There the villa gardens are ablaze with autumn glory—crimson of dahlia and gold of sunflower, and rosy clusters of begonia. What a strange charm these level lands possess! Even the brown fields beyond the suburbs are full of pleasant mystery. Beneath the earth myriads of next year's flowers are sleeping; when springtime comes the fields of Haarlem are a world of blossom. The eye loves to picture them, ribbons of purple, blue and pink, yellow and snowy white, and the waves of delicate perfume. In many ancient houses set back

in shady corners the busy work of packing and sorting is in full swing these autumn days. Father and son for many generations have handled and studied these sad-coloured bulbs; they bring forth into the low-pitched parlours wonderful old books of coloured plates, wonderful chronicles of bygone dealings and bulb-lore.

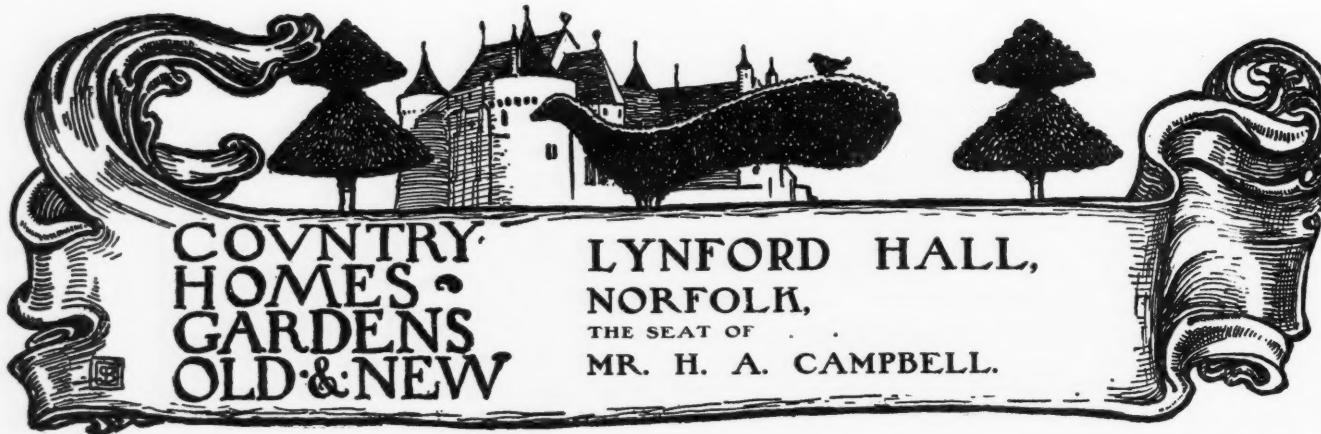
The mist rises early. One may not linger too long amid the fields. In the pasture-lands the white damp has risen waist-high; the black and white cattle appear ghost-like from its folds. The sun sinks, a huge globe of molten copper in the opal sky of Holland. It is time to return to the city.

The shadow of a great past broods over Haarlem, echoes from the stirring days of "Sturm und Drang." In the long, low Guildhall Gallery, where the work of Frans Hals's hand draws pilgrims from all corners of the earth, dwell the very men whose spurs once rang on the stones of the market-place, whose laughter and jest woke the echoes, and whose swords saved their country. They are not dead—their eyes follow us, their laughing, moustachioed lips seem ever on the point of speaking, the gay baldricks on their breasts seem to rise and fall with their breath. Nowhere is the Past nearer than in the Haarlem Gallery when the tourists have gone and the blue dusk comes creeping in.

It is an effort to draw one's self away, out into the cool evening air and across the market-place to the great church of St. Bavo. Organ tones are stealing out, a few dark figures are scattered in the wooden pews. The Spanish galleons hanging between the arches are ghost-like in the dimness; a footfall echoes harshly on the tombs that pave the aisle. Then homeward through the dark streets when the last note has quivered into silence.

Haarlem keeps early hours. At nine o'clock there breaks on the silence a silvery peal of bells, most strangely sweet. They are the "damiaatjes"—rung every night since the twelfth century to commemorate the victory of William I. at Damietta. Lights begin to die out along the canals, behind the shuttered windows games of chess are put away, needlework neatly folded; away over the brown fields the moon silvers the mist, that lies like a broad coverlet over the dreaming flowers. The "damiaatjes" die away. The city of bulbs sleeps.

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLE.



THE district watered by the Little Ouse, in the neighbourhood of Brandon, where the river divides Norfolk from Suffolk, is one of a somewhat remarkable character, giving many advantages to large estates like that of Lynford Hall. To the north and south it is known by the name of the "Breaks" or "Breck," meaning ground at some time broken by the plough. Much of the country is given up to sheep grazing, and the rest forms fields of light land, varied with some of the wildest and most extensive tracts of heath, fir plantations, and rabbit warrens in Norfolk. Sir Thomas Browne speaks of this as the "champion and fieldy part" of the county, and describes it as having been the last resort of the crane and the bustard, which have since been replaced by the great plover or stone curlew. At Wretham two large meres were drained, the West Wretham Mere in 1851, and the Great Mere in 1856, remains of lake dwellings on piles being found in each of them, with great quantities of bones, mostly of the red deer, and the now extinct *Bos longifrons*. The rabbit warrens of the district are famous, and 40,000 rabbits have been sent annually to the London market. One peculiar kind is bred for its dark grey silver fur. Here also still exists the industry of "flint-napping," the demand, which once was great in this country, being now found among the tribes of the African

borders of the Mediterranean, and of Central Africa and the Congo.

This country of heathery expanses and fir woods, with its great over-arching skies, gives a special character to the neighbourhood of Lynford Hall. The mansion has an extensive park, with very fine avenues, especially on the south, consisting of oak and lime trees alternately. The drives are wide, and fine vistas are disclosed below the boughs, owing to the undergrowth being cleared away in a manner that may be commended. In the flat and open character of the ground there is something to remind the visitor of Sandringham. The park is nearly enclosed by wood, and is surrounded by some 2,000 acres of bracken-covered land, interspersed with gorse, and forming an excellent preserve for game, which abounds hereabout. The soil, being light, is apt to drift in very windy weather, but not so much as in former times, much of the country having been brought into cultivation.

Lynford lies between Mundford and Little Buckenham, and at the time of the Survey was held by Walter Giffard and Roger Bigot, and one moiety of the place became the possession of a family which took the name. Henry VIII. granted the whole to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, but it returned to the Crown, and afterwards was granted to Richard Fulmerston, and then to



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THE HALL FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

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LOOKING EAST.

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THE EAST FOUNTAIN BASIN.

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Philip, Earl of Arundel, who sold to Francis Mundford, Esq., of Feltwell. Sir Edward Mundford had his residence here in the beginning of the seventeenth century, but his house was not upon the site of the present mansion. Later on came Sir Charles Turner, who sold the place to Mr. James Nelthorpe, and that gentleman, about the year 1720, built what Blomfield, the county historian, calls "a very agreeable seat, with pleasant gardens, plantations, canals, etc."

Mr. Nelthorpe's house stood on ground now covered by the rose garden of Lynford Hall, but appears to have extended over part of the churchyard of the parish of Lynford also, and legend has it that a portion of the church was incorporated in the structure. Certain it is that the parish is now destitute of a church, and that the inhabitants are divided between the parishes of Mundford and West Tofts. The old house was demolished in 1863, and many human remains were removed from the site and the immediate vicinity, and reinterred at West Tofts.

Sir Richard Sutton, who possessed the estate in the middle

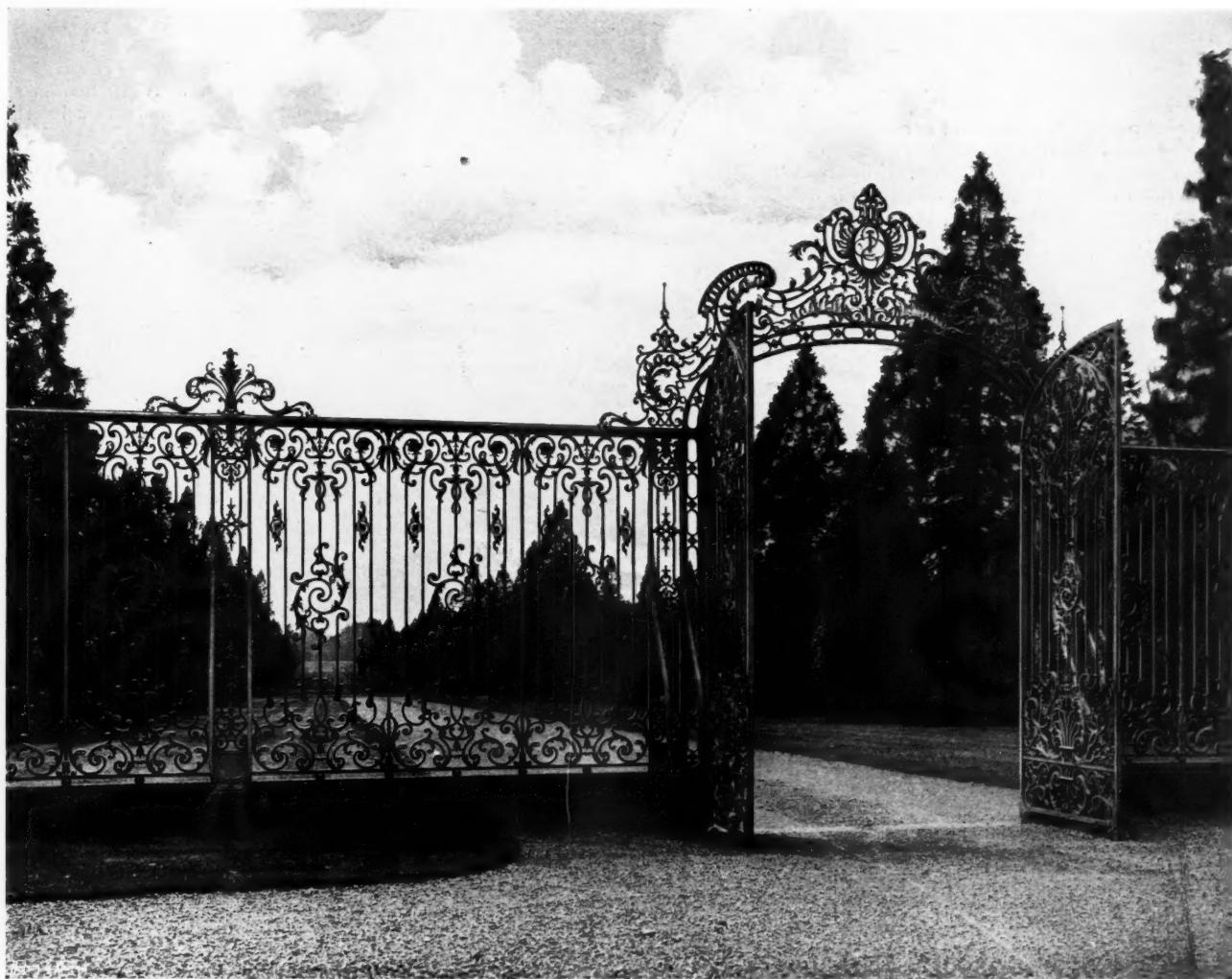


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FROM THE SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

special study of Hatfield House before working out his plans, and there is evidence, especially in the north front, of an excellent grasp of the English Renaissance, as marked in that great mansion, and even more perhaps in Longleat and Wollaton Hall, Nottingham. The work was commenced in 1856 or 1857, and the roof level would appear to have been reached in 1858, as the storm pipes bear that date. Mr. Lyne Stephens unfortunately did not live to see the completion of his work. He died in 1860, and, though the edifice was ready for occupation in 1861, it remained untenanted until the following year. There is



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A MARBLE URN.

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always something melancholy in contemplating the building of a house by one who has looked forward to dwelling therein, and to find him cut off before his hope is realised; but the history of English dwelling-places and their builders is full of such incidents, which lend a pathetic interest to not a few of our old houses. Mrs. Lyne Stephens continued to live at Lynford Hall, and it was through her zeal and at her expense that the Catholic chapel was erected in 1879, from the designs of Mr. Clutton, a successful structure of the local flint, with stone dressings and much excellent internal adornment. Upon the death of this lady the estate passed to Mr. Campbell by purchase.

Lynford Hall is approached by a fine avenue of ornamental trees, bringing the visitor to a noble iron gateway in the midst of a long ornamental grille, which encloses a kind of courtyard. There is a good deal that is French in the style of this splendid metal-work, as elsewhere in the house and gardens, but an effort was made to use local materials as far as possible. All the bricks of which the house is built, for example, were made upon the estate, and their colour accords well with the surroundings. As to the structure, the excellent detail shown in our pictures will make unnecessary any description at length. The flanking turrets, with their cupolas, give character to the north side, and there is an admirable disposition of features to impart strong effects of light and shade. The projecting bays, mullioned windows, curved and elaborated gables, and good chimneys, all

bespeak the excellent character of the place. On the south side, which overlooks the beautiful gardens, the disposition is more simple, but is pleasant and attractive. There are stables, built about a courtyard, which are in complete harmony with the rest of the imposing structure. A French artist, M. L'Aury, was engaged upon the ceilings and other internal decorations.

As to the gardens, they have beauties which may be surveyed in the pictures. The Long Water appears to go back to the canals of Mr. Nelthorpe, and much of the planting belongs to a comparatively early period. The principal garden, which is on the south side, descends from the house by grass terraces to a level space of sward, which is divided by paths, and is the framework of numberless flower-beds, radiant at every season of the year. This place is peculiarly rich in its sculpture, and the urns and vases, like the excellent balustrades and stairways, are all that we should wish. Noble banks of ornamental trees form

the framework, but at the further end there is the enclosure of a balustrade and a wide outlook through a glade in the wooded reaches of the park. Another garden, on the west side, has formal attractions of a different kind. Here a bronze group, upon a carved pedestal of stone, is the centre of a parterre, laid out in curves of well-clipped box, singularly convoluted in some parts and enframing flower-beds in others. The arrangement is quaint and attractive. Then, more to the east, we find a



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THE STABLES AND COURTYARD.

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A MARBLE VASE.

"C.L."

fountain basin, enframed by a cable moulding, and an annular arrangement of flower-beds. These brief notes and the pictures that accompany them will give our readers an excellent idea of the manifold attractions of Lynford Park.

IN THE GARDEN.

NIGHT-FLOWERING CACTUSES.

A FEW years ago this group of Cactuses created something in the nature of a horticultural *furore*. We find them chiefly in the *Cereus* group, and the best-known species is represented by a large specimen in the Cactus house at Kew, where each year it produces a cloud of big and handsome flowers. The name of this kind is *C. triangularis*, a very old warm house plant, having been in the Hampton Court collection as long ago as 1690. It is a native of Mexico, and the flowers average about 12 in. across, the tube and calyx being of a greenish colour, and the petals white. They begin to open at eight o'clock in the evening, and fade early the following morning. Another well-known *Cereus* is *C. grandiflorus*, which is a West Indian plant, with flowers of large size, delicate colouring, and sweet fragrance; they are individually about 1 ft. across, and brownish yellow and white. It is even more of a night-flowering species than *C. triangularis*, as the flowers never



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THE LONG WATER AT LYNFORD HALL.

"C.L."

expand in the day. The way to grow these Cactuses is to plant them in a thoroughly-drained border, using for soil a mixture of loam, sandstone, and mortar rubbish; train the growths to the roof of the house, let in plenty of sunlight, and maintain a temperature of between 50deg. and 55deg.

BEAUTIFUL SHRUBS—NOTES CONTINUED.

The Spanish Broom (*Spartium junceum*) is a summer-flowering shrub of rare colour. In "Trees and Shrubs for English Gardens" it is mentioned: "Owing to the deeply-descending nature of their roots, many of the leguminosæ resist drought better than the majority of shrubs. A case in point is furnished by the Spanish Broom, which in summer is laden with its large golden-yellow flowers. Against a dark-tinted background it stands out



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BRONZE.

"C.L."

conspicuously, while seen in a mass or clump it is particularly striking. The Spanish Broom ripens seeds freely, from which young plants can be readily raised, but as they make very few fibres and do not as a rule transplant well, they should be put into their permanent quarters while still young. The leaves are very few in number, their place being filled, as in some of its allies, by the young shoots, which are dark green and rush-like." The

Spireas form one of the most beautiful of all shrub groups. There are few species without some special charm, perhaps of growth, of leaf, or of flower, and there is much difference between the various species in height and vigour. But these notes are intended to include only a few of the best, and many good things, therefore, must be necessarily omitted. Of the

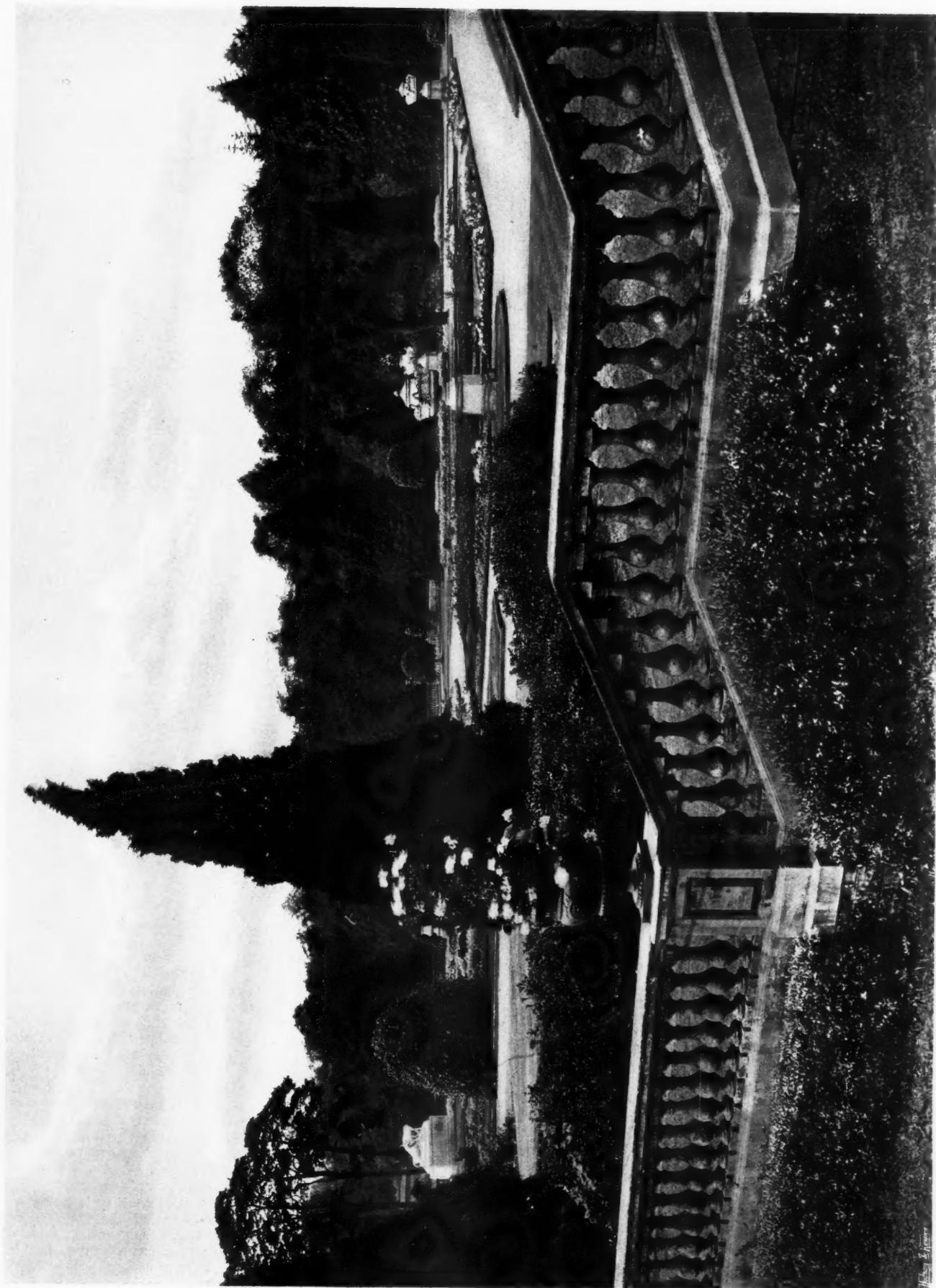


"C.L."

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THE EAST TERRACE.

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shrubby Spiræas, *S. arguta* must be named; it is 4ft. high, and has pure white flowers at the end of April. *S. canescens*, better known as *S. flagelliformis*, is taller, reaching in some gardens a height of 8ft. Its arching shoots are laden in July with creamy flower clusters, and a group of plants in bloom is not unlike in effect the "May" of an English hedgerow in spring. *S. discolor*, or *S. ariaefolia*, to give a more familiar name for it, is the queen of the family. It grows to a height of 10ft. or 12ft., and the stems bend in summer with the weight of plumy clusters of a cream white. It is not Spiraea to crowd into a common shrubbery, but to plant by itself, apart from other things, to display its graceful growth and remarkable flower beauty. *S. Anthony Waterer* was recently mentioned. Its crimson colouring is agreeable to see in late September. *S. salicifolia* and *S. sorbitolia* are both handsome; and many like the tiny white-flowered *S. Thunbergi*, but it is too early for most gardens.

PLANTING TIME.

This is one of the busiest seasons of the year. It is a time to make alterations in the garden, to plant trees, shrubs, and Roses, and also bulbs, and with respect to the last-mentioned, the quicker they are in the ground the better. Delay frequently means failure, especially in the case of Lilies, which dislike being out of the soil for many days. It is of the utmost importance, for instance, to plant *Lilium candidum*, the white Madonna Lily, before the leaves have decayed and the soil has become cold with rains and frosts. Roses should be made a great point of. It is astonishing how much enjoyment can be got from a good collection of the Teas and Hybrid Teas, which will not only flower over a long season, but will give sufficient to gather for the house and yet not destroy the display in the garden. With regard to fruits, choose from the selection recently given, and remember in planting, whether tree or Rose, the importance of spreading out the roots carefully and making the soil quite firm. The lawn should be well rolled and weeded, and rough places made smooth.

RANDOM NOTES.

Tea Rose Corallina.—Our experience of this Rose is that few garden Roses are brighter, more lasting, and more vigorous. We have it in several

aspects, but the place in which it seems most happy is against a low wall, which the strong shoots are trying their utmost to hide. We shall try it in a large bed, but we think that for small beds the growth is too robust. It was in full flower a few days ago, and the warm crimson colouring is most acceptable when the garden is turning to decay as far as the exotics are concerned. *Corallina* was raised by Messrs. William Paul and Son of Waltham Cross; the petals are very large and shell-like, crimson with a paler shading on the outside, and the buds are extremely handsome. It is a Rose to enjoy in the garden and in a bowl on the table. Another garden Rose from the same firm that has given us much pleasure during the summer is *Sulphurea*, a very good name for flowers which may be called sulphur in colour, but have more yellow in them than the somewhat insipid colour of the sulphur of commerce.

The Rose Garden in Autumn.—A correspondent writes: "It was my happy privilege to wander in a Rose garden of flowers in late October, and I record the time to show the blessings of a garden of Roses in autumn when the right sorts are planted. There was not, of course, the same wealth as in midsummer, but the beds were full of open blooms and buds, and a sweet fragrance seemed to saturate the whole place. A slight frost had occurred the night before. The Dahlias did not enjoy it; they simply hung their heads, waiting for the next blow to finish them, but the Roses with the awakening sun were as fresh and as fair as in June. Mme. Alfred Carriere, the whitest of Roses, if we except, perhaps, the new show Rose, *Frau Karl Druschki*, had twelve of its large flowers fully open, *Wichuraiana* was in flower on a grassy bank, *Irish Beauty*, a single flower of surpassing beauty, on the pergola, and among others in profuse bloom were *Caroline Testout*, *Marie Van Houtte*, *Corallina*, *Antoine Rivoire*, the old *China*, *Cramoisie Supérieure*, *Augustine Guinoiseau*, the *Bourbon* Mrs. *Bosanquet*, *Gloire de Dijon*, and *Anna Olivier*. There were others, but I forgot their names. Colour of another sort came from the yellow leaves and crimson fruits of the Japanese Rose and the scarlet heps and deep ruddy red leaves of *Rosa lucida*."

SHOOTING AT LYNFORD HALL.

ONE of the recurring questions before hosts this autumn has been whether shooting fixtures should be adhered to or not in the very worst of weather. It may be said without hesitation, that in every case the host who is on the spot, and naturally wishes to make the day's sport as agreeable as possible to his guests, would infinitely prefer to postpone the shooting until another day; but then he has to consider his guests and their wishes from another point of view. Some will have come from a distance, others will be guests in the house. In no case, probably, will matters happen to be so conveniently adjusted that each and every one of them could meet to shoot on another day in the week. Besides the guests, there is the standing order of the day as an obstacle to change. All the drivers are ready and withdrawn from other work, and there is the usual reluctance, common to everyone, to change a fixture.

It is always open to question whether, when once the shooting begins, rain makes a great difference? The answer to



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MR. H. A. CAMPBELL.

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this depends, we apprehend, a good deal upon the kind of shooting and the quantity of the rain. A high wind and heavy showers at intervals, with only light mists or drizzle between, are often insufficient to spoil a day's partridge-shooting, though birds may

get off the ground, or be lost for the day, unless there is careful management; but high wind and heavy rain in covert simply spoil the sport entirely. The pheasants will not rise at all in some cases. You cannot hear them, and with leaves, twigs, and acorns hitting you in the face every minute, as well as the raindrops descending, it is extremely difficult to see to shoot. The beaters are soon wet through and their smocks sodden. Ground game will not move. On the whole, covert-shooting in a wet gale is as well abandoned as begun. Of course there is a chance that the weather may clear, but a study of the barometer will often show whether such hopes should be entertained or not. Partridge-shooting in really heavy and continuous rain is also a very hopeless business. True, the birds can be brought to the guns during the morning, but as the day goes on the shooting of wet birds—standing in sodden garments or dripping Aquascutums, with no shelter but a thin trimmed hedge, in weather in which even a horse ought not to be left out of doors—is not exhilarating. It is especially unfortunate when weather of this kind accompanies a



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SCOTCH FIR FENCE.

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A NORFOLK SCREEN.

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day's driving on heavy land, where boots are covered with mud and clay, gateways poached and miry, and the birds' feet become clogged, a process which seems to make them, by the rule of contraries, unwilling to use their wings. Though fog is almost a greater enemy to the keepers and drivers than rain, it is very doubtful whether, except in most unusually bad "samples," it can ever be urged as a reason for not shooting on low ground. On the moors it is quite another matter. Driving game in a thick mist would not only be useless, but highly dangerous. Nor could the drivers be directed or find their way on these open wastes, though in enclosed country, where each man knows the fields and fences, this difficulty does not arise. Even

when mist falls on the hills in the afternoon of a day's grouse-driving, it is dangerous. Only last August a driver, returning home comparatively early across one of the Westmoreland moors, after an interrupted day's driving, fell over a crag and was found dead. Partridge-driving in a mist is always most disappointing. The birds will not come forward as they ought to; neither can they be held up on either flank. So each covey tends to go its own sweet way, and the bag is not half what it might otherwise have been. In coverts, fog not only stops birds from rising, but also causes those which do rise to wander away and get lost in a most unaccountable fashion. We believe that most kinds of birds which can find their way out by night are easily lost in a fog by day. Also, covert-shooting when a fog is really thick is very dangerous work, especially as the vapour hangs in a most murky and obdurate fashion among trees. Probably the only ground where partridge-driving in the rain is often quite enjoyable, and has least of the concomitant drawbacks hinted at at the beginning of this article, is on the dry and sandy Norfolk heaths and sheepwalks. The delectable portion of the country which lies on the sides

birds driven over them. wet facing the rain is a very different matter to doing the same

behind the meagre cover of a thin thorn fence of quickset.

Some typical examples of how the most can be made of a wet day's driving on one of these light-land Norfolk estates are those shown in the accompanying photographs, for permission to take which we are indebted to Mr. H. Campbell, of Lynford Hall. The shooting and the appearance of the ground generally is most characteristic of this highly-favoured district. It lies surrounded by such manors as Dallington, Buckenham, Merton, Croxton, Downham, Weeting, and Feltwell, all of which touch its boundaries. But, as

will be seen from the

photographs, it has its own peculiar features as well. As late as the early sixties, when agriculture was in a far more flourishing



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A BEAUTIFUL DRIVING FENCE.

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WAITING IN THE RAIN.

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of the river Thet, and extends onwards along the Norfolk border into Suffolk at Elvedon, and thence on to the wild heaths of Icklingham, is so dry, and so free from anything in the nature of rank vegetation, except the bracken fern in the hollows, that in the wettest weather no soil ever adheres to the feet of either birds or men, and there is abundant natural shelter for the former against the weather in the belts of Scotch fir and the sides of the pits, rubble-holes, and under the bracken. Since the days when the bustards roamed over the heaths a great change has also been made in places by planting long hedges of trimmed spruce or Scotch fir. These spruce and fir hedges have a most ornamental appearance, as they contrast perfectly with the browns of the bracken and the greys and yellows of the heaths. But the greatest use, apart from their addition to the scenery, is in giving dry cover for coveys of partridges to lie under in wet weather, and in making an ideal shelter for guns standing in line to have

Standing up to a spruce hedge in the wet facing the rain is a very different matter to doing the same behind the meagre cover of a thin thorn fence of quickset.



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A COCKER SPANIEL RETRIEVING.

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condition than it is at present, a very large proportion of the nearly 8,000 acres which comprise the Lynford Hall estate was under cultivation; but as prices dropped, much of the land was allowed to go back to bracken-covered heath. Looking across the landscape on an October morning, the eye carries over an almost unique expanse of colouring. Acres of brown bracken are framed in dark velvet-green squares, formed by the belts of Scotch fir or spruce and the clipped evergreen fences. In other parts, in close juxtaposition to this wild land, are fields of roots or stubble, all with their trimmed fences of Scotch fir. These are one of the most remarkable features of the ground from the sportsman's point of view also. They were planted specially for partridge-driving. Part of the soil is the typical ancient "sheepwalk," a curious light sand, often black, with silver sand mixed. Out of this white flints work, and these may be seen in the pictures, scattered all over the surface. The advantage of this soil for rearing game cannot be overrated. On the uncultivated heathlands are great numbers of French partridges. The ground is perhaps the nearest approach to their original habitat, though, oddly enough, they do well on heavy land also. They come exceedingly well over the high belts, as these prevent the low flight which otherwise they rather affect. During the present summer

torrential rains in June and July worked havoc with the young partridges; but it is hoped that the pheasants may make up for the deficiency. The shooting shown in the accompanying photographs was carried out in pouring rain almost throughout the day on the Mundford beat. But both shooting and photographing was possible, as will be judged from the pictorial results.

It will be seen from the illustrations how well the birds come over these fine, thick spruce fences, even in weather like that which prevailed on the day of which some record is here preserved. As has been said, it is easier to bring partridges over obstacles of this kind, which they cannot see through, and behind which, or over which, no movement, of head, of gun-barrel, is visible. Birds may pitch down only a few yards off, and yet, if there is no conversation, "no parliament," to use the phrase current in this part of Norfolk, they will probably come

over as they should when the drivers approach. As a change from the almost inevitable Labrador retriever, readers may be glad to note the little Cocker spaniel at work retrieving partridges. He is an excellent little dog at the work, with a first-class nose. The quickness of some spaniels when on a running bird is remarkable, and when once they can be got



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THE LADIES ACCOMPANY THE GUNS.

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thoroughly in hand they have few equals, provided that they are not in high turnips or any cover in which their short legs are a disadvantage. Somehow the spaniel seems to be more of a gentleman's dog, a pet and companion, than the hard-working and otherwise uninteresting retriever, who is almost always associated in the mind with a velveteen-coated keeper.



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TWISTERS TO MR. HOULDsworth.

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WHISTLER.

WITH two exhibitions of etchings open in London, a volume in the form of an appreciation of the art of James McNeill Whistler, published by George Bell and Sons, the recent correspondence in the *Times*, and the forthcoming important show of complete works to be held in Boston next spring, we may well conclude that the world has at last awakened to the fact that a great artist has passed away. To what extent Whistler's work will be understood and appreciated by the many is still an open question. His pictures have always called forth the admiration of those who knew. How much that limited number will extend as years go by remains to be proved. What is already proved, however, is that he will henceforth be ranked as one of the greatest, one of the born etchers of the world. It is in this art that he most excelled. Had he been known only as an etcher he

would have earned his place beside the great names of Rembrandt, Van Dyck, or Meryon.

No one can leave the galleries at Messrs. Obach's in Bond Street, or the Mortimer Menpes Collection at the Leicester Gallery, without a deep conviction of the greatness of Whistler's art. He had the power of rendering the spirit, the beauty of the entrancing, as well as of the most commonplace subjects. He could produce an exquisite plate of the front of an old village sweet-stuff shop, filled with pickle-jars and jam-pots, and all the miscellaneous odds and ends generally seen in such places. He could also, with a few strokes of the needle and the most consummate art in printing, render a scene on the lagoons of Venice as full of life and colour and the spirit of the place as any of the most elaborate of Turner's oil paintings. When he turned his attention to the London wharves and warehouses—and note that he did this at a period when no one else had thought of treating such matter-of-fact subjects—he produced a series of etchings giving the most interesting, the most complete portraiture of the places, combined with the greatest technical skill and mastery. Where could we find more beautiful treatment of the old, irregular houses, of the masts and shipping, the barges and the peculiar atmosphere of the lower reaches of the Thames than we find in "Red Lion Wharf," "The Pool," "Rotherhithe," or "The Thames Police"? This earlier series has none of the effects of colour, light, and atmosphere which we find in some of the later plates, notably in the famous "Little Venice," but it has a charm of detail, of exquisite and varied line work, quite its own. There are qualities in the very precision and firmness of the drawing, in the modelling of the boats and rigging, always indicated with the greatest economy of labour, in the delicate lines of the warehouses fading into the distance, quite other from anything that has ever been done of this kind.

In general the Venice etchings have greater softness. Other methods were used in the printing. In some cases he almost painted with the ink on the plate—a process which has made some of these prints unique of their kind, for no two would be similarly treated. "The Forge," now on view in the Leicester Gallery, is pointed at as a triumph of printing. Judging by the sales made at both these exhibitions, it will soon be difficult to obtain any of these early impressions. Some of the most beautiful plates, such as the "Old Battersea Bridge," the "Old Putney Bridge," and many others, are already unobtainable. Dry-points are still to be had, but these at excessively high prices.

Rather astounding is the fact that while these wonderful etchings were occupying Whistler's mind he still had time to paint some of those pictures that have since made him famous. "The Thames in Ice," "Chelsea in Ice," and "Old Battersea Bridge" all belong to this early period. This was before he had adopted his own peculiar nomenclature. In the volume on Whistler by Messrs. Way and Dennis we have his own words on that subject. "I can't thank you too much," he wrote to Mr. Leyland, "for the name 'Nocturne,' as the title for my moonlights. You have no idea what an irritation it proves to the critics and consequent pleasure to me; besides, it is so charming, and does so poetically say all I want to say, and *no more* than I wish." In a quotation from the "Gentle Art of Making Enemies," Whistler gives his reason for selecting this form of title. He suffered, perhaps, more than any artist from the false notions of the purpose of painting so prevalent still in this country. Here is his own view, which is so clearly put that we quote it in full: "The vast majority of English folk cannot, and will not, consider a picture as a picture apart from any story which it may be supposed to tell. My picture of a 'Harmony in Gray and Gold' is an illustration of my meaning—a snow scene, with a single black figure and a lighted tavern. I care nothing for the past, present, or future of the black figure, placed there because the black was wanted at that spot. All that I know is, that my combination of gray and gold is the basis of the picture. Now this is precisely what my friends cannot grasp. They say, 'Why not call it "Trotty Veck,"' and sell it for a round harmony of golden guineas?'—naively acknowledging that without baptism there is no . . . market! . . . As music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the poetry of sight, and the subject-matter has nothing to do with harmony of sound or of colour. The great musicians knew this. Beethoven and the rest wrote music—simply music; symphony in this key, concerto or sonata in that. . . . Art should be independent of all clap-trap—should stand alone, and appeal to the artistic sense of eye or ear without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it, as devotion, pity, love, patriotism, and the like. All these have no kind of concern with it, and that is why I insist on calling my works 'arrangements' and 'harmonies.'"

With these pronounced views on art for art's sake, it is not surprising that Whistler and the Academy should never have been on friendly terms. The doctrines of that school, needless to say, are in direct opposition to all Whistler's artistic conceptions. Whistler was an artist to his finger-tips. No matter what medium he touched, he used it beautifully; his versatility was remarkable. He always produced new effects, or used his material in some purely personal and new manner. As a portrait painter his fame is established beyond a doubt by the portrait of his mother, the "Carlyle," by "Miss Rosa Conder," and the "Miss Alexander," to mention only a few of the best known. He was equally remarkable as a painter of figure subjects, marines and chevalet pieces. In lithography and in pastel he also produced notable work. In water colour he could paint a masterpiece of its kind of a subject which, to an Academician or man of ordinary perceptions, would be nothing more than a scene of vulgarity. Here we refer to the Southend on a Bank Holiday, "with the 'Arries and 'Arriets promenading along the sea-front," their gaudy clothing relieved against the sea which stretches away to the Kentish coast. As a decorator his name has reached the world through the fame of the Peacock Room at Prince's Gate. In Messrs. Way and Dennis's volume they express the hope that this room may some day be removed to the Victoria and Albert Museum, but this seems a vain hope in a country which has allowed the Carlyle to go to Glasgow, the portrait of the artist's mother to the Luxembourg, and so many other masterpieces to fall into the hands of foreigners and private owners. With the exception of the Thames series and some of the Venice etchings, purchased by the British Museum, there is not one specimen of Whistler's work to be found in any one of our public galleries. And the Tate Gallery is supposed to be representative of the work of living

artists! The nation might at least have had a complete collection of the etchings and dry-points, for the authorities of the British Museum had every intention of continuing the good work they had started, but the law stepped in and forbade the purchase of any works by living men.

In surveying the whole sphere of Whistler's art we shall discover that his most salient characteristic was his faculty for seeing beauty in whatever his eyes rested upon. Whether a London slum, a smoky fog, an ordinary street scene, or a group of grimy chimney pots, he could always contrive to put them on canvas or paper with such consummate art that the vulgar and the commonplace was transformed into something exquisite and beautiful. This is the true essence of the artistic temperament, and it is owing to this very purity and intensity in Whistler's nature that he has been so long neglected and misunderstood. It is also doubtful whether a certain section of the public will ever understand him thoroughly. As some composers are musician's musicians, so some painters will always remain painter's painters. As Whistler himself said: "When the evening mist clothes the river-side with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairy-land is before us—then . . . Nature, who, for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her."

E. S. S.

RACING NOTES.

BIG fields with everything "trying" characterise the concluding weeks of the racing season. There are no horses "not quite ready" or youngsters being run to give them experience in carrying silk. If selection of winners is increasingly difficult, when the choice of backers is not limited to a few who are really "fancied by their connections," or whatever the euphemism may be for those who are running solely on the chance of winning, those who bet have the satisfaction of knowing that they will have a run for their money, as it is a case of now or never; the day of readying is over, and the day of the readied has come. Naturally, therefore, we see better acceptances, bigger fields, more open markets, and better-contested races at the back end than earlier in the season. All these conditions are thoroughly exemplified at Derby, when the final meeting of the year invariably provides three days' excellent entertainment for one of the largest social gatherings of the year.

Outsiders seldom win selling races, but the Stainsby Plate on Wednesday proved a notable exception to the rule, as Sirdar, who was once almost invincible over five furlongs, but has frequently failed in moderate company during recent seasons, won easily, the favourite Zanoni, on whom odds were laid, failing ignominiously. It was gratifying to see a nursery taken for once by a good colt carrying top weight, when Mr. Rothschild's Bass Rock won the valuable Chesterfield Nursery Plate. The son of Grey Leg had rather marred a symmetrical winning record, alternating with placings, in the Free Handicap at Newmarket, in which for once he had failed to get into the first three. Evidently a six-furlong course is beyond his capacity, but he should have a good future before him as a sprinter. Cheers, who achieved fame last year as the winner, albeit a lucky one, of the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, has been a difficult horse to train, and his later performances were so far removed from brilliancy, that, in receipt of 18lb. from Wavelet's Pride, and carrying only 7st. 12lb., he started at 10 to 1 for the valuable Markeaton Plate, which he won. The performance itself was of little merit for an animal who had acquired classic honours, but it reflects great credit on his trainer, who succeeded in bringing a heavy-topped horse with bad understandings in fit condition to win at any weight.

On Thursday the Gold Cup brought twenty-one to the post. Two three year olds, Fariman and General Cronje, were selected by backers, with whom, as I picked out the same two, I fully sympathise. The first-named is one of many of the offspring of Gallinule who have completely failed as three year olds to fulfil the promise of their first season. He finished absolutely last. General Cronje ran rather better, but had nothing to do with the finish. Indeed, the winner, Littleton, was the only one who held a winning chance at any part of the race. He gave evidence of ability by winning the Trial Stakes at Ascot from a good field, but had since failed so often to make any show in good company, that his winning the Great Tom Stakes at Lincoln a week earlier was taken rather as a reflection on the field which opposed him than as an indication that he had recovered the form displayed at the Royal Meeting. Although, therefore, his weight, including the 10lb. penalty earned at Lincoln and deducting the 5lb. allowance claimed by McIntyre, the promising apprentice who rode him, was only 7st. 6lb., he was allowed, like Cheers on the previous day, to start at 10 to 1. Another three year old, the American Surbiton, was second, and Czardas was third; but with such an easy win placings are of no importance. The Chatsworth Plate, run over five furlongs, brought out another large field and further profit for the bookmakers. The favourite, with the absurd name of Be Very Wise—surely by any other name he would run as well—as was unlucky in the race as he was on his last outing at Liverpool, and in a close finish was two heads from the winner, Rising Falcon, who with Mug, who divided the pair, was among the lot who found few friends at 100 to 7. Sir James Miller gave his supporters a chance to retrieve the balance by going for one of his favourite gambles in a two year old selling plate, which he won with Santa Claus, a youngster making his first appearance in public; and, as he was bought in for 600 guineas, there were probably good grounds for the confidence with which he was backed.

The racing on Friday was of less importance, but outsiders continued the sequence, and the policy of backing three year olds in handicaps at this time of the year received further vindication when Barrett Goddard won the Allestree Plate for Mr. Musker, and Japan, recently purchased after winning a selling race, defeated a good field which included Mauvezin, who ran second to him, and Chacornac in the Chaddesden Plate, a high-weight handicap run over six furlongs. Mr. Rothschild having taken one nursery with a colt who figured at the top of the handicap, secured another—the Osmaston—with

Pieria, who took a humble position at the other end. All the handicaps of the day were won by apprentices claiming the 5lb. allowance. A most successful meeting, except for those who have not yet learnt by experience the disastrous consequences of trusting to previous form at this time of year, wound up with the success of Firmilian, who started favourite in the King's Plate, Mr. Newton's Servitor, who had previously in the week occupied the same position behind Karakoul, finishing second.

If visitors to Derby went to retrieve their fortunes to Hurst Park on Saturday, they had every opportunity afforded them of doing so. Four of the six events were won by favourites, including the two chief handicaps. The dissimilarity of the two meetings from a betting point of view was emphasised by the discomfiture of the one apparent certainty of the day, Cappa White, who just failed to get his supporters home in the November Plate. None of the winners was of sufficient class to merit special mention; but their success was none the less profitable to those they helped to get out of a bad week.

Only two races of importance, both handicaps, will remain for decision when these notes appear—the Castle Irwell Handicap and the November

Handicap, run respectively on Friday and Saturday at Manchester. The Hungarian Hazafi heads the first, and he does not seem to have much to beat, but the winner will probably come from among the lightly-weighted division. In the major event it seems probable that one of the three year olds, of whom Mountain Rose, Lord Rossmore, and Firmilian appear to be the pick, will win, the lightly-weighted Caro being, perhaps, the most favourably treated of the older horses. The withdrawal of Sir Blundell Maple's horses has prejudiced Lane's chance of success in the contest for the first place among winning jockeys of the year, a position which seems tolerably assured to his only rival, Otto Madden, as the latter has a lead of four on the date of writing. It is melancholy to realise that there is little hope of the popular white and gold stripes and claret cap being seen again on a race-course.

Another cloud has been thrown over the close of the racing season by the death of Prince Dimitri Soltykoff. A gallant soldier, a courteous gentleman, and a model of a chivalrous and large-hearted sportsman, his loss makes a gap in the ranks of the supporters of the Turf which will be sorrowfully realised by everyone connected with it.

KAPPA.

O'ER FIELD AND FURROW.

WHAT a number of hopes and fears does the picture of hounds arriving in a fog recall! The Midlands in November are often shrouded in a thick blanket of cold mist, which may sometimes precede a scenting day, sometimes may settle down and prevent hunting altogether. Outside covert in the fog we may have to sit shivering for an hour or more till it is safe to draw. It is an anxious time for Master and huntsman. If they do not hunt, how many will be disappointed! if they do, they may lose hounds, as has happened twice in the past week in the shires. Nevertheless, if there is a doubt I would rather be hunting with Lord Willoughby de Broke, Jack Brown, and the Warwickshire dog pack than anywhere else. They will give us the benefit of the doubt and try to find a fox, and if we cannot see, we can at least hear the hounds. Who was it who said that the Warwickshire

were short of tongue? I have heard the objection, but never could find out what the foundation was. Lord Willoughby, whose portrait is here given, is the third Master of the Warwickshire of his name and family in a direct line. He is as keen as his father, and promises to make a huntsman as effective. That he is a



W. A. Rouch. **LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, M.F.H.**

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resolute rider to hounds all who have hunted in Warwickshire know. His huntsman Brown made his name in South Notts under Lord Harrington, and his late Master has infused into him his own enthusiasm for the sport. Brown learned at Gedling to be not only a good hunt servant, but a true sportsman. He is seen here before moving off to draw, a moment of thrilling interest to any huntsman. Who knows that fortune may not have in store for him that great historic run which shall make his name memorable among the huntsmen of history? But in the misty morning that long column which stretches perhaps a mile or more down the road is the best witness to the fame of the Hunt and its staff. It is not fashion, but love of sport, that brings men to hunt in Warwickshire, where pastures are small and fences stiff, where there is plough and woodland, but always stout foxes, resolute

hounds in hard condition, and the certainty that hounds will hunt and draw as long as they can be seen.

It was last Thursday, late in the day, that the Warwickshire showed what stamina and condition can do. The meet was at Ham, and the first draw



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HOUNDS ARRIVE IN A FOG.

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at Leckbroke. The ground was still hard from the frost, and the scent was cold and catchy. Now and again hounds ran hard, then seemed hardly able to puzzle out a line at all. In the meantime the fox was going steadily on, and fairly ran his pursuers out of scent. Nevertheless hounds had worked hard. But it was with as much dash as though it was morning that they hurled themselves out of Watergall, rejoicing in a scent which had marvellously improved as the day waned. They simply never gave their fox a chance, and the followers had no time to choose their ground—ride and jump or go home. Of the gallant band that chose the former alternative, several dropped away in the racing ten minutes that followed. The ground was treacherous and they fell, or their horses, good enough on ordinary occasions, simply could not go the pace; unless hounds had slackened not a horse could have lived. But the pack did steady somewhat, and though there was no check, yet those at the top of the hunt had time for a pull and to take the quick-coming fences in a steadier fashion. Less than half-an-hour from the start saw the end of a gallant fox. The distance was not great, but the first few minutes were sufficient to burst any fox. In a week of moderate sport, so far, this spin stands out as a bright one. Early in the week the Warwickshire hounds, I



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BEFORE MOVING OFF.



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MEET AT LOWER SHUCKBURGH.

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am told, had made out a hunt with a moderate scent, and Brown's quiet style of handling his pack had delighted one whose opinion we all respect. A huntsman is in some respects an unfortunate man, in that his best efforts meet with least applause. When scent lies well, and hounds run straight and fast—when he puts his horn back into its case, and sits down with no more to do than to keep his hounds in sight—then everyone is delighted, then pleasure takes the form of praise; but when a huntsman has to watch his hounds, knowing that every moment is of value, yet that to interfere too soon will cause them to cease to work for themselves, then the field light their cigarettes and betake themselves to talk. "If this sort of thing goes on, I shall go home." Indeed, a huntsman, unless he is supported by a strong Master of sportsmanlike tastes, is sorely tempted to give up the game and to draw for another fox. The only thing for a huntsman to do is to think only of the fox and of his hounds, and to forget his field. But how hard it is to do this when your livelihood and reputation depend on that gossiping crowd who neither know nor care for hunting! Tom Firr did it, and I know other men who have no regard for anything but the task before them. They are not all in grass countries. But then there are men who would have succeeded in any walk of life, and Lord Lonsdale was a Master who, if he did not always agree with his huntsman himself, would

certainly never allow anyone else to disagree with the Master or huntsman of the Quorn.

There have been various hunts during the week past—a brilliant twenty minutes with the Quorn from Adam's Gorse last Friday after meeting at Lowesby. Only a very few saw it, and they alone could tell the tale. I gather that the pace was very fast till the fox turned after he had crossed the border of the Cottesmore. On the previous Wednesday the Pytchley had a

crowd at Misterton, but no run to speak of till the evening, and then an open drain too soon sheltered the fox. Lord Harrington once more scored one of the successes of the week from Syerston. In a gorse near the boundaries of the Belvoir a fox was found. Just at first, what with roads and railways, the hounds were puzzled, and so were some of their followers. What a relief to see the hounds come together, and, hesitating briefly, race hotly away; and what a comfort to be with them still! It would have been so easy to have been left. The course was by no means straight, and things looked rather bad, when a friendly holloa set the Master right. This might have been a fresh fox; however, hounds ran merrily for a bit, but soon came to hunting. X.

ON THE .
GREEN.

Since writing in these notes of last week or a week or two back that the golfers of Oxford and Cambridge lately home from America stated that the golf ball

would fly further on that continent than in this island of ours, I have heard from one or two in strenuous support of that remark. I ventured to make it only with some trepidation, saying that the chief reason for believing such a thing seemed to be that it was so incredible that no one would say it unless it were true. But now I find that instead of being taken to task for giving currency to such a traveller's tale, I am censured for referring to it with a tinge of disrespectful scepticism. One and all of these pilgrims lately



W. A. Rouch.

OUTSIDE COVERT.

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returned seem to be quite certain that the fact is patent and obvious that the ball flies a great deal farther there than here. They declare that it is beyond all manner of doubt and dispute. Mr. Barne, who is a fearful driver, drove into a bunker—carried into it—nearer 300yds. than 200yds. from the tee. Of course, nobody dreams for a moment of disbelieving these facts; the trouble is to explain them. The explanation that these University men seem to favour is that the air is "clearer" there, therefore the ball flies further. The air may be clear, but the meaning of this is not clear. Is the air "clearer" in the sense that the ball hits less microbes in its flight? The ordinary man's idea is that a ball will go farther in a dry air; and the air over there is dry, compared with our foggy island air. But the trouble about that explanation is that a damp air is lighter than a dry air, so we are left farther from a solution than ever. I have tried to get lights on the subject from other people who, although not golfers, may have an intelligence of a sort—namely, men who have studied gunnery and the flight of projectiles, both spherical and conical, from smooth bores and rifles, scientifically and experimentally. They all tell me that it is impossible for the state of the air to make any such difference as is asserted—that it would make a difference so slight as to be inappreciable. They say that by way of explanation of the difference we must look to a difference in the propeller, not the projectile; that the muscles of the player must be affected for the better and made more vigorous by the climate. It is as much as to say that our island makes muscle flabby in comparison; and this may be the reason that the Americans are so clever, and have invented Haskell balls, and McKinley tariffs, and Steel Trusts, while we have been struggling on with gutta-percha and Free Trade. All this is a subject for solemn thought. At the same time, it is to be said that those men of science and of war, the gunnery experts, have been concentrating their main attentions on projectiles a good deal heavier than the golf ball. That may make a difference. The golf ball and its dynamics have defeated the calculations of science before now, and may do so again. There is so much rotation, and the ball flies so slowly and stays in the air so long, that the common formulas will not fit it. There is also this to be noted; that, as a certain professional once said of a certain pair of amateurs: "The only difference that I see between Mr. L—— and Mr. H—— and the professionals is that they get mair to eat and mair to drink." Even so, the only difference that we can suppose between those Oxford and Cambridge golfers over there and the same men here is that there, doubtless, they got "mair to eat and mair to drink." They were feasted in the true American manner, and one can say no more for it. Was it this, then, that put the extra yards to their driving? It is a pleasant and a stimulating thought, exciting the appetite to the instant. Let us fall to, and eat and drink, and go forth to drive, and see.

Doubtless it is a great thing, in a year like the present, if your fate is to play on an inland green at all, that that inland spot should be high teed up, above all chance of floods, as is eminently the case at Huntercombe. There they have been playing a great four-ball game—Mr. Maxwell and Willie Park against Mr. Cecil Hutchison and Braid, the former winning with best ball scores of 74 in each round. Park being on what, if not his native heath, is at least the heath of his adoption, may have turned the scale, but in any case the winners are a strong pair, and they did not win by many—only three up and two to play on the two rounds, the first ending all square.

The other biggest bit of news is that there is a new Mr. Smith. He beat both his brother, Mr. G. F. Smith, who has played for England both years of the international match, and also Mr. Hilton, in a recent competition on one of the Lancashire greens, I forget which; and it does not matter. They seem to play golf horribly well in Lancashire and Cheshire.

Harry Vardon has played a game of golf again. It was only a nine-hole match, and he played with a putter only, against a fourteen handicap player with all his clubs. But Vardon drove an approximate 200yds. with the putter—an iron one—and did the nine holes in 37, which is three below the Bogey score. Naturally he won. It is an old snare for the unwary—that of playing a very superior player, presumably heavily handicapped, by the restriction to one club. The restriction is a far less heavy handicap than it appears. But the interest in the game is in the fact that Vardon was able to play it. If he played at all he was fairly certain to play well. Everyone will be delighted to hear that he has so far recovered strength. The match was played on the course adjoining, and partly in the grounds of, the private sanatorium at Mundesley. The head of the establishment anticipates with confidence that Vardon will be a force to be reckoned with in the championship of 1904.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

FROM THE FARMS.

PEDIGREE STOCK FOR ABROAD.

IT has been our task to record several times during the year the sale of pedigree livestock to purchasers in very distant parts of the world. The returns of the entire trade have been made up for the first ten months of the year, and show that 1903 is likely to be distinguished for the magnitude of the business done. The number of cattle exported in the ten months was 2,365, compared with 2,151 last year, and their value was £124,641, as compared with £84,908 value last year; 4,329 sheep and lambs were exported, as against 3,100 last year, and the value was £47,078, as against £23,510 last year. Even the trade in pigs was better, being 634, as against 443, while the value was £5,893, as against £4,508. Reading between the lines, these statistics mean that one flourishing branch of agriculture at the present moment is the breeding of pedigree stock, and the facts afford another proof, if any were needed, that the farmer is unwise who does not keep animals of good blood and breeding.

MACHINERY AND LABOUR.

The effect of using so much machinery on the land, and the consequent doing without hand labour, is being felt this autumn

in a singular manner. Very little wheat has been sown, but where necessary it has had to be done by hand. Now on many farms artificial means of sowing have been adopted so long that the labourers have forgotten the art, and it has become a matter of difficulty to find one to perform this simple operation. How different it was twenty-five or thirty years ago, when the sower was either the most experienced labourer on the land or the farmer himself, since in the old days even the tenant of a large holding was not above the performance of this piece of manual labour, and his servants looked upon it as an honour to sow the seed. It looked quite easy, but appearances in this, as in many other cases, were deceptive. The art of sowing wheat so as to make it fall wide and evenly on the soil was one only acquired by long practice.

RINGWORM IN CATTLE.

Dairy farmers and graziers should not neglect to obtain the leaflet on this subject which has been issued by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. Ringworm is a very great nuisance in the cowshed, and it has the additional disadvantage of being transmissible to human beings. The attacks are most frequently observed in calves and yearlings, or in cattle that have fallen into low condition. It is due to the attack of a microscopic fungus (*Trichophyton tonsurans*) which establishes itself at the base of the hair which in consequence becomes brittle and breaks off. The presence of the fungus also causes the epidermis of the skin to become thickened and wrinkled. In this way bare, grey, scaly patches, 2in. or more in diameter, appear upon the animal, especially on its head and neck, though also on other parts of its body. Luckily it is a disease not very difficult to cure. The part attacked should first be well washed with soft soap, or, better still, with a solution of washing soda. Then the patch may be dressed with one or other of the following: (a) Train oil, five parts, sulphur, one part; (b) lard, five parts, sulphur, one part; (c) lard, five parts, iodine, one part; (d) lard, five parts, oleate of copper, one part; (e) soft soap, five parts, sulphur, one part; (f) sulphuric acid, one fluid drachm, glycerine, three fluid drachms.

POULTRY FOR PROFIT.

The latest addition to the literature connected with poultry-keeping is a little handbook called "Poultry for Profit," by A. Tysilio Johnson, who himself claims to be a practical poultry farmer. At the same time, he does not advocate poultry farming as an exclusive pursuit, but considers that it is most economically carried on by the peasant, the small holder, and the farmer. However, he seems inclined to the opinion that it is best to take up other branches of business. There are many who cry out that it is not poultry farming, pure and simple, but breeding for the "fancy," when a bird or a sitting of eggs is sold. They proclaim that it is a departure from the proper custom. But this is absurd. The man who is likely to get on best is he who avails himself of the most opportunities. The author recommends that those who wish to begin the business should seek for good tuition. As to capital, he thinks that "poultry farming is an industry that calls for a large capital, and the beginner who outlays his £100 must not think that he will thenceforth reap £1 per week." We are not quite sure of the reasoning here, because the beginner surely ought to be able to obtain as much as a pound a week in payment of his labour.

FAT STOCK SALES.

The arrival of Christmas and the consequent fat stock shows invite consideration to one or two practical questions connected with these institutions. In what manner can they be made of real practical assistance to the British farmers? At various times correspondents have dwelt on the method of achieving this object. For one thing, very great care should be exercised in regard to the choice of the breed of cattle, and statistics on the subject are very much needed. Of course, the live and dead weights are easily ascertainable, as is also the proportion of good meat to offal, but it would be well if these were tabulated so as to show the merits of each breed in regard to them. But at the end it is not sufficient to have mere weight. Two questions have to be asked in regard to it. One is as to the quality of the meat and its selling price. The other has reference to the expense of production. A time, perhaps, will come when each exhibitor will be required to give information in regard to these points, and, if possible, it should go back to the birth of the beast in question. Calves, like all young things, need a good start in life. The pasture on which they are first run ought to be described, and this will be sufficiently done to meet the requirements of the case by indicating its letting value. Next, the quantity and price of the various artificial foods given should be summarised. If possible a further record of their progress should be kept, so as to show when and how the weight was added. No doubt this has been to some extent done in some of our collegiate and Government stations, but the result would be much more instructive if facts were given in relation to the actual prize-winners at the exhibitions of fat cattle. The quality, of course, will be roughly indicated by the

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J. Craig Annan.

SHEEP IN UTRECHT.

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wholesale and retail prices. We take it that in practice there are three pure breeds more favoured than others for fattening purposes. They are Aberdeen-Angus, shorthorns, and Devons, and we cannot be far wrong in saying that the point on which graziers would like sound information is which of these animals, if any, is the best, or whether it is not more effective to use a cross, as a cross generally grows with more vigour than a pure-bred beast?

EYNFSORD CHURCH AND ANCIENT CLOCK.

THE ancient clock of which an illustration appears in this issue has recently been removed, for the purposes of repair, from the tower of Eynsford Church, of which there is also an illustration. This old clock is supposed to have originally been in the Tudor mansion of the Bosvilles at Little Mote, Eynsford. Hitherto it has required winding every day, but in future it will need to be wound but twice weekly. Those who are familiar with the old church will see that the dial has hitherto obscured a very picturesque Early English window, but the new dial will be placed higher up, between the cornice of this window and the gargoyle above. The new dial will be enclosed in an oak frame, with Robert Browning's striking line from his "Rabbi Ben Ezra" poem carved on the border. Passers-by will thus have a standing sermon, always emphasized by the iron tongue of the ancient clock. Young it is who has said, "We take no note of time but from its loss!"

The inner porch in the tower is Norman, but the principal part of Eynsford Church is Early English, and much that is interesting is to be seen in the interior. No trace of the church that existed in Saxon times now remains. In the Bosville Chancel, or Chapel of St. John the Baptist (the church is dedicated to St. Martin), there are several monumental slabs in memory of the Bosville family. Some of these slabs are, unfortunately, obscured by the organ floor, including the most quaint of all, to "Mrs. Mary Bosville, daughter of Sir Thomas Bosville, who, like a jewel, taken out of a box, was shewn to the world and put up again, January 18th, 1659, aged 17." Eynsford was the scene of an aggravation of the ill-will that existed between Henry II. and Becket. William de Eynsford forcibly ejected a priest who had been presented by the archbishop. The baron was excommunicated, but the King took his baron's part, and the excommunication was removed. This William is believed to have owned the castle at Eynsford, of which considerable ruins still remain. Without doubt he was privy, if not accessory, to the archbishop's murder.

The river Darent, celebrated for its trout-fishing, flows in front of the church under a very ancient bridge. A little distance above are the castle and church of Lullingstone. In the latter are many monuments to the ancestors of Sir William Hart Dyke, whose family have been in unbroken occupation of Lullingstone for nearly six centuries. Few, if any, rural spots within a similar radius of but eighteen miles from town, possess so much that is interesting to the archaeologist as rural Eynsford and its charming neighbourhood. Thanks to the chief landowner, Sir William Hart Dyke, Eynsford

has not, like many other old-world villages, been delivered over to the destructive speculative builder. Its natural attractiveness is almost unimpaired, and residences built on proper lines and on ample sites will not spoil its rural character. It is to be hoped that Shoreham and Otford, as well as Farningham, which are in close proximity, will be similarly preserved.

There are six fine bells in the old tower; two additional are now being cast at the Whitechapel Bell Foundry to complete the octave, which will then consist of two Cromwellian, two Stuart (Charles II.), two Georgian, and two Victorian. One of the last will specially memorize our late beloved Queen, Lord Tennyson's line being cast on the bell: "She wrought her people lasting good!"

E. D. TILL.

THE WIDE SKY.

SHOULD we claim the wide sky as a part of country life? I think so, for it is a thing we do not see in towns; chimney-pots, wire forests, sky-signs, and advertisement-hoardings get in the way and hide it.

To see at one sweep the whole horizon must rank among the most excellent joys of life; the eye embraces it on trackless heaths, on commons, on the face of the broad veldt, or in mid-ocean, and it is from standpoints such as these that we learn to make the clouds companions, and the stars familiar friends. Once we have done this, our outlook on all Nature is illumined; we see things as they really are, and find solace for a thousand minor ills.

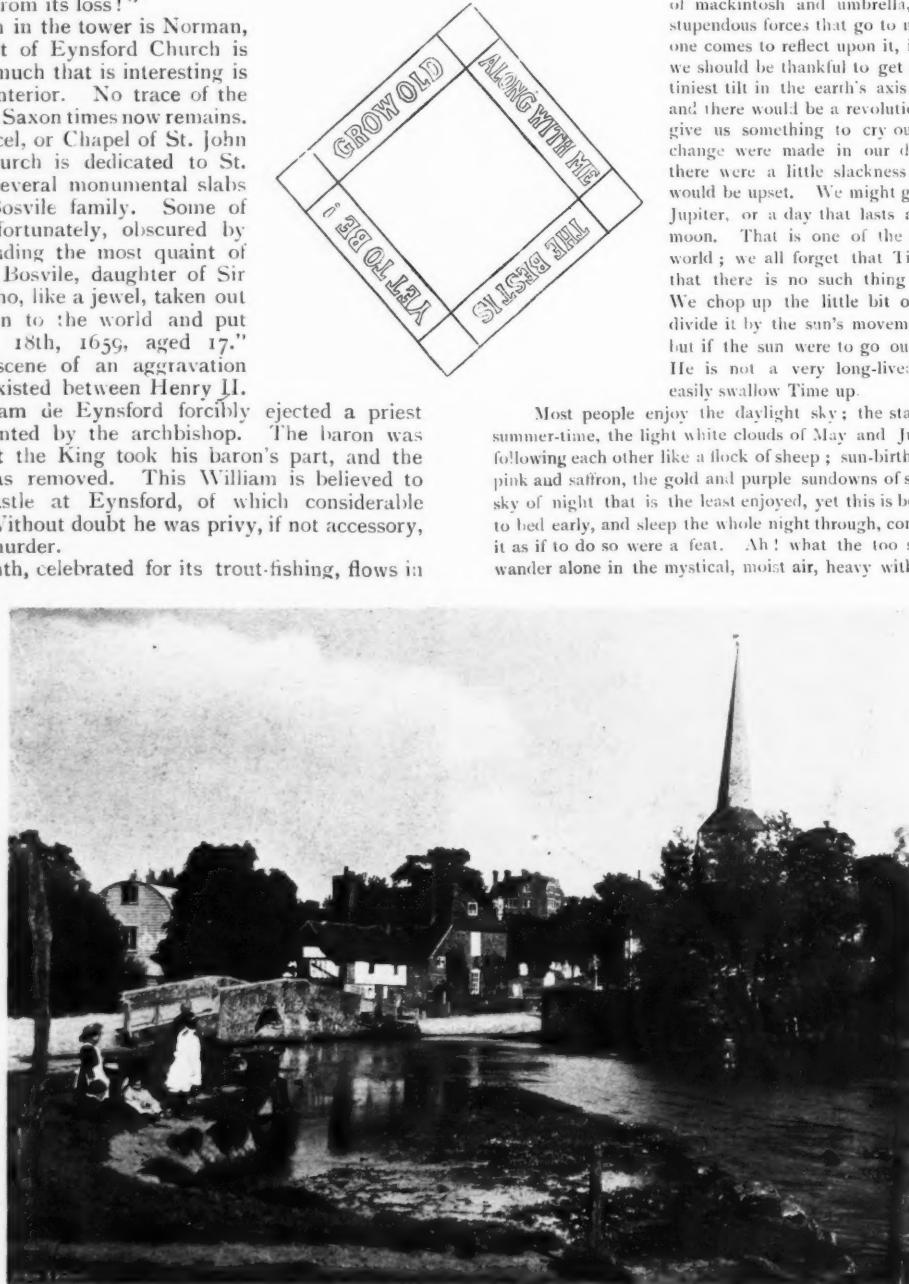
In homely life one sometimes grumbles at the keeper of the keys, but he who must do the housekeeping himself finds out its difficulties; the same idea applies to greater things; weather, for instance. Who, when his hat blows

off in a high wind, or is driven to the too great use of mackintosh and umbrella, stops to think of the stupendous forces that go to make up weather? When one comes to reflect upon it, it is abundantly clear that we should be thankful to get any weather at all. The tiniest tilt in the earth's axis more or less than usual, and there would be a revolution in weather that would give us something to cry out about; or if a trifling change were made in our distance from the sun, or there were a little slackness in our spin, even Time would be upset. We might get a five months' year like Jupiter, or a day that lasts a fortnight like the poor moon. That is one of the most curious things in the world; we all forget that Time is arbitrary; in fact, that there is no such thing as Time; it is a myth. We chop up the little bit of eternity that is lent us, divide it by the sun's movements, and call it "time"; but if the sun were to go out, where would Time be? He is not a very long-lived person; the sun could easily swallow Time up.

Most people enjoy the daylight sky; the stainless, breathless blue of summer-time, the light white clouds of May and June piled in soft heaps, or following each other like a flock of sheep; sun-births of spring in open seas of pink and saffron, the gold and purple sundowns of splendid autumn. It is the sky of night that is the least enjoyed, yet this is best of all. Those who go to bed early, and sleep the whole night through, congratulate themselves upon it as if to do so were a feat. Ah! what the too sound sleepers miss! To wander alone in the mystical, moist air, heavy with dews and perfumes, and

look up in perfect silence to the stars; to stand on the beach at night when clouds are flying, and the giant star, Jupiter, rises in a clear transparent gap between them; to watch the brown halo in the sky clasping the patient, sleepless moon — these are pleasures that belong to the wide sky of night; they tell us beautiful tales of things and the reason of things.

There is no loneliness for him who waits beneath the open sky. He has gone back to his birthright. The little planet we call Earth as it swings through space is not isolated; it is one with the shining, circling hosts for ever whirling, made of the same elements, sharing the same heritage and looking



W. A. J. Hensler.

EYNFSORD VILLAGE.

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forward to the same end. In the daytime we forget our brother and sister stars and planets, but there they are—a phantom day-moon sometimes reminds us of them. And our earth-house is brilliant too; if not a twinkling star, it has the same soft radiance that belongs to moons and planets; we, too, are robed in light.

It is the wide sky of daytime, especially the horizon as it touches open sea, which best displays the contour of the round earth's surface; sometimes the waters of the sea and firmament get mixed, and ships and boats look as if

sailing in the heavens above. But this does not appear to be a miracle; it is no more a miracle than anything else; everything is a miracle. Some of the night's miracles may be enjoyed even by those who sleep under roofs, so that it be by wide, uncurtained windows our beds are set, where sweet night airs come blowing in. To some of us it is given to share the thrill and respond to the inaudible summons of the night-watches, known best to those who sleep afield; to rouse a little and turn and sigh at that strange hour when a

THE OLD EYNSFORD CLOCK.

wakeful influence stirs the sleeping hemispheres. The moment arrives towards two o'clock, so shepherds tell us, and country-folk who are deepest read in Nature's secrets. "It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman, speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night."

This is the moment to seize if we would steal a march upon the stars and take them unawares. In autumn the winter constellations are visible to those who are now awake; with joy we welcome back the wanderers: Pleiades, after his forty days of absence, Hyades close beside him, shaped like a wishing-bone with a bright star at the lower end, showing us where to pull; and then Orion, the mighty hunter, belted and sworded, his best star—a red one—at his shoulder.

Gazers at the wide sky are independent of far-off scenes of beauty. No local scenery of the so-called "picturesque" is needed. In every landscape (once we escape the towns) there is the same element of grandeur. The light of moon and stars sweeps over the homeliest common with the same spiritual splendour it sheds over the vast prairie, or on the marble columns of a Grecian temple. The pleasures of the wide sky are kindly and native, and they suggest to us something that is even more immortal than the skies. "Something that shall endure longer than lustrous Jupiter, or any revolving satellite," longer even than the Milky Way, whose groundwork is of stars, or the half-seen Nebulae, dimly luminous with suns to be.

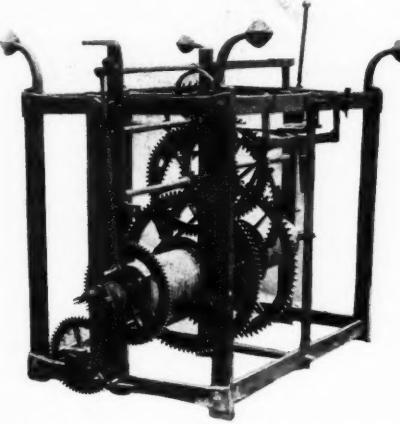
F. A. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TRUTH ABOUT A FAMILY LEGEND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some years ago an illustrated account of Spains Hall was published in COUNTRY LIFE, but, curiously enough, no mention was made of the strange legend connected with it, and which adds greatly to its interest. In the current issue of the *Essex Review* this has been carefully investigated, and the facts appear to be as follows: Nearly 400 years ago Spains Hall was owned by a William Kempe, who resided there with his wife Philippa. He was passionate, self-willed, and jealous, so that Mistress Philippa must have needed all the forbearance and discretion for which she was noted to steer safely through the troubled seas of the first thirty-three years of their married life. On a sunny June day in the summer of 1621 one of the domestic storms burst, and, in a fit of jealous rage, Kempe poured out upon her, in language more expressive than polite, all his base suspicions. When the first violence of his passion was spent, the knowledge of how bitterly he had wronged her overwhelmed him with regret, and as he wandered miserably about the grounds he racked his brain for some means of making atonement. Only one way seemed to him possible, and then and there he registered the vow of which the consequences were so terrible and unforeseen, that for the space of seven years he would not open his lips in speech. One can imagine the consternation of the household when his determination became evident to them. Before the first year had run its course the series of misfortunes, which were to end in his tragic death, set in. To beguile away the time he planned the construction of seven fishponds, one of which was to be completed and stocked each year, and while engaged in this work three of his servants were drowned. The second year was marked by the death of Mistress Philippa, and although Kempe must have felt her loss very deeply he suffered in silence. Cut off as he was from all friendship, or even communication with his fellow-creatures, and without the one being in the world who could sympathise with him, his life must indeed have been lonely; and we can imagine him in his solitary rambles and rides over the estate, silent and morose, brooding over his sorrows and yet too strong-willed to take back his word. It was on one of these lonely excursions that he was thrown from his horse and badly injured, but true to his resolve he made no attempt to call for assistance. He was



found in the morning by some labourers as they went to their work, and they carried him home, where he lay for many weeks seriously ill and nigh to death. The most tragic incident of all, however, happened in the fifth year. Having some legal business to transact at a town about twelve miles away, Kempe set out accompanied by his groom. It was already late when they started on the return journey, and a heavy storm was threatening, which before they had proceeded very far broke in all its fury. Nearly blinded by the rain, and unable to control their frightened horses, they were forced to seek shelter in an old ruined castle—probably Castle Hedingham—near by. From strange sounds which he now and then could hear above the shrieking of the storm, it became evident to Kempe that they were not alone in the castle, and as it was known to be a common resort of outlaws and thieves he determined to reconnoitre. He made his way to a room immediately over that from which the sounds proceeded, and there, lying at full length, with his ear to a crack in the floor, he overheard a desperate plot to rob his own house. Without losing a moment he hastened back to his man, and making signs to him to get to horse they set out again in the full force of the gale. Meantime, the River Blackwell, swollen by the torrents of rain, had overflowed its banks, and the ford was almost impassable. The groom, though unconscious of what his master had heard, yet understood that some terrible danger was threatening, and insisted upon making an attempt to cross the stream and warn the household. In a few words Kempe wrote on a piece of paper the news of the threatened attack, and the man plunged bravely into the flood with it. With great difficulty he managed to gain the other side, but, unfortunately, when he reached the Hall, the rain had so obliterated the words, that his message was quite unreadable. Believing his master to be in some great danger, the men all armed themselves, and rushed to his assistance, leaving the house quite unprotected and an easy prey to the robbers, who burst in and carried off everything they could lay their hands on. Nor was this the worst, for they left behind them the murdered body of a boy, probably some relative of Kempe's, who, it may be, offered them some slight resistance. It seemed then as if misfortune had done its worst, for the sixth year came and went, and the seventh drew on to its close without any tragic incidents to mark their course. The old man began to look forward eagerly to the day when he would once more hold communication with his fellow-men. Fate, however, had yet another card to play. On the last night of the seventh year William Kempe lay down to rest, it is said, with a light heart; but as the morning dawned he became violently ill, and though he tried to call for assistance, his tongue, so long unused to speech, refused to respond to the demand made upon it. And so, within a few hours of accomplishing his vow, unable even to utter a word of farewell, William Kempe passed away into the Great Silence.—B.

A VERY LATE NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to know that a wild duck—one of several bred on a farm in North Lincolnshire—hatched out a brood of six young ones on the 12th of this month. No doubt similar cases have been known, but it is unusual, is it not?—Y.

THE BOAT-HOUSE AT KILLARNEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have much pleasure in sending you a little photograph of the boat-house at Killarney. You will see the storm is coming over the mountains, and the reflection of the clouds and the mountain is shown in the water in



the foreground. I thought, it being a pretty study, you might like to reproduce it in COUNTRY LIFE.—J. M. MACLULICH.

A STUMBLING PONY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—After reading the letters on the above, I should say that "Country Parson," if he knows nothing about horses, should just get someone who does to look at the following points: (1) What kind of shoulders the pony has got; (2) at his feet, to see if he is not suffering from thrush, a very common occurrence in horses that have not a good groom to look after them. If these are not the cause, the sooner he parts with him the better.—IRISH HORSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—"Country Parson" is probably much too heavy to ride a pony of 12½h. If he drives it in a two-wheeled trap the stumbling may be aggravated by the cart not being properly balanced and too much weight being thrown on the pony's back.—ANOTHER COUNTRY WOMAN.

KING CANUTE'S SEAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A regular reader of your publication, you will forgive me for questioning the right of Bosham to lay claim to its shore being identified with King Canute's wave-defying incident. I have always understood that the honour, such as it is, of this occurrence belongs to this town, and, in Canute Road, by the docks (the original Strand), is this inscription upon a corner stone: "Near this spot, A.D. 1028, Canute reproved his courtiers." Very probably, however, the whole story is but legendary.—F. J. PENNY, Southampton.

NESTING-BOXES FOR BARN-OWLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

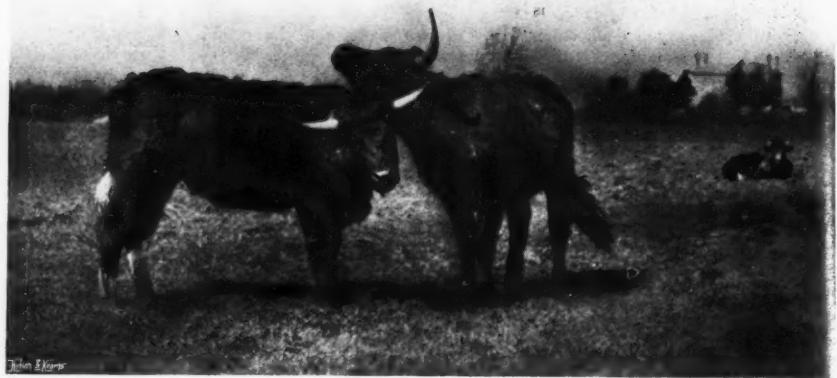
SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers—their name must be Legion—could give me information about, and details of, boxes suitable for birds to nest in. There are a pair of barn-owls frequenting old elms bordering my garden, and I would be truly glad to induce them to nest here, and so save the owlets from marauding boys. I know these boxes have been used with success.—A. C.

[The points to bear in mind in putting up a box for barn-owls to nest in are—that the position must be secluded and sheltered; that the box should have two storeys or two partitions, so as to provide accommodation for the male bird during the day; that the entrance should not be too large, for the owl is not nearly so big as it looks, and can easily pass through a 5in. hole; that there should be a comfortable ledge outside on which the owls can alight with their prey; and that the box should be absolutely waterproof. However little rain may leak through crack or hinge, it will spoil the nesting-site. When all is done, however, you cannot command success. If there are many hollow trees in the neighbourhood, the owls will probably prefer to inhabit one, and they will not readily tolerate another pair, even of their own children, nesting on their beat.—ED.]

THE LAYING COMPETITION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As one who had a good deal to do with poultry when living in East Sussex, I venture to address you with reference to the laying competition of which you give an account in your issue of the 14th inst. I think the object of the Utility Poultry Club a most laudable one; but their test is too short. What is required is to find out what a hen will do in the whole period during which she is in full profit, and what she is worth at the end of it for table. I would suggest that a trial be made of pullets of this year from the time they begin to lay till they stop in 1905, i.e., for twenty or twenty-one months, and let us know how many eggs they give over the whole period, and if they are fit for table when they cease laying. I never kept hens older than two and a-half years if I could help it, as I did not find them profitable. If you have to feed a hen for ten months when she is not laying—and that can and does happen more frequently than people imagine—the profit which may have been made on her before is more than swallowed up; therefore better kill too soon than too late. A Leghorn pullet, for example, will begin to lay at, say, six months, and lay astonishingly at first; but I have known them stop after another six months, and do nothing in their second winter, and, of course, they are worthless for table at any time, and are consequently not a general utility fowl.—E. D. WYLIE, The Chestnuts, Newton Abbot.



A COMFORTING SCRATCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A short time back, while walking across the Essex marshlands, I was amused and interested by watching some Scotch cattle, two of which seemed to be holding communion one with the other, the result being that one bent his neck down, and so allowed the other to bring the under-part of his head across the neck of the first beast, and then indulged for some minutes in what appeared to be a most comforting scratch. The contentment this seemed to bring was very evident, and may, to some extent, be seen suggested in the photograph which I am now sending you, and which may, perhaps, be of interest to your readers.—W. THOMAS.



RETURN OF TOMMY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—After an absence of six months—he went away courting last April—our tame cock pheasant has come back again. He was a little diffident at first, but has now become tamer than ever. He waits for me to feed him out of my hand every morning at 8.30, and then trots by my side round the garden. I enclose a copy of his latest portrait. This is now his third season.—ARCHIBALD E. SCOTT, Rotherfield Park, Hants.

NATURE'S FECUNDITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A correspondent in your last week's issue gives an account of a giant foxglove, with 864 buds, blossoms, and seed-pods, and with seeds which he estimates from their weight as numbering 589,949. The estimate does not appear to err on the side of excess; but to simplify calculation, let us cut it down to 500,000. Now if we assume each of these seeds to produce an equally prolific plant, and multiplication to go on unchecked at the same rate for a third generation, one seed would have produced no less than 125,000 billions of foxglove plants, which would be enough to cover an area 100 times as great as the entire surface of the dry land on the earth, deserts, mountains, and everything included, with foxgloves, allowing eight plants to grow on each square yard. Astounding, however, as is the result of this computation, it is almost insignificant in comparison with the following. The Sisymbrium Sophia, according to the distinguished botanist, Kerner, yields on an average 730,000 seeds, and he calculates that its normal multiplication, if unchecked, would in the course of three years cover an area 2,000 times as great as the surface of the dry land of our globe with plants.—W. O.

[Tennyson says: "And finding that of fifty seed She often brings but one to bear." According to our correspondent he might have said of 700,000.—ED.]



STOCKS, WHIPPING-POST, AND POUND AT GREAT MALVERN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—These interesting relics of a bygone period are still in a good state of preservation, as may be seen from the accompanying photograph. The "parish pound" reminds one of a memorable incident in the career of Mr. Pickwick. As a parochial institution it long survived the stocks and whipping-post. These latter were not only a terror to evil-doers, but doubtless they also served the purpose of providing a form of entertainment for the people of the neighbourhood in an age when bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and similar dissipations were held in high esteem.—C. A.